MEMORIALS OF THE '45.

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PREFACE

SEVERAL causes, which need not be specified, have prevailed to delay the issue of this little volume, which was announced for 1929. The lamented death of Mr R. M. Grant, the late manager, no doubt contributed to this delay, but the courtesy and promptitude of his successor have largely atoned for this regrettable event.

In getting up this volume, the author is greatly indebted to Mrs Macalister of Glenbarr, without whose concurrence in allowing the use of the family MSS. it would not have been begun. Similarly, Captain Macdonald of Balranald kindly permitted the publication in the appendix of two short letters written by Flora Macdonald, and one more lengthy by her husband, the three addressed to Balranald's great-great-grandfather, to whom both were kin. Thanks are also due to the Rev. R. McCowan, Kiltarlity, whose remarkable library, a storehouse of historical lore, was placed at the author's disposal. Mr John Mackenzie, Dunvegan, factor for Macleod, gave the author the interesting tradition regarding the Prince's cave at the Snod.

Mr Evan M. Barron was good enough to permit the use of a letter of Lady Margaret Macdonald's from the new series of Culloden Papers.

As to illustrations, Lady Macdonald of the Isles, Thorpe Hall, Yorkshire, greatly helped by sending me a photographic copy of a water-colour of Lady Margaret Macdonald of Sleat, while Mrs Macalister of Glenbarr gave the use of a copy of a miniature of Colonel Matthew Macalister. Other illustrations were either in my own possession or were borrowed from Clan Donald, Vol. III.

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ERRATA

P. 116, for Appendix XI. read Appendix J.

Memorials of the '45.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

So much has been written about the Jacobite Rising of 1745 that it needs some apology, or at least some explanation should be given, why at this time of day anything further should be added thereto, even as regards the limited period taken up in these pages. One feels indeed that there is much truth in the late Lord Rosebery's remark regarding what has been done in literature for the Jacobites of the 18th century : " I feel certain that any one dealing with the Jacobites is meeting a constant appetite and desire in the Scottish mind."

The main reason, however, for re-telling the thrice told tale of the Prince's escape is that an opportunity has arisen for correcting certain material errors connected with that episode which one writer after another has perpetrated, and from which even such an authority as the ' Lyon in Mourning ' has not been immune. This opportunity has been afforded by the present writer having access to an account of the Prince's escape preserved in the family of the Macalisters

of Glenbarr, in Kintyre, and it is desirable that some account should be given of how the MSS. containing this record came to be in their possession, and of the nature of their contents.

The Macalister family, in whose custody the records in question were preserved, have been settled in Kintyre from a very early period. They are descended from Alexander—Alasdair Mor—younger son of Donald, the progenitor of the Clan Donald of the Isles. The Irish Records make it quite clear that they are not descended, as has been alleged by some writers, from Alexander, the Lord of the Isles who, owing to his English partisanship, suffered forfeiture at the hands of Bruce. This Alexander's sons and other descendants are distinctly traceable in the North of Ireland, where they bore the Macdonald Clan name, but the myth of the Clan Alister's descent, like other myths, is difficult to kill. The main branch of the Clan Alister was styled of Loup, of which the Glenbarr family are cadets. Ranald Macalister, with whom we are concerned in this connection, was the third son of John Macalister of Ardnakill and Torrisdale Glen, in Kintyre, and was born in 1715. Through the death of two older brothers without surviving issue, Ranald carried on the representation of the family. The greater part of his adult life was spent in Skye. In 1742 he married Anne, only daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Chamberlain of Troternish, and he and his wife, and possibly two or three children,

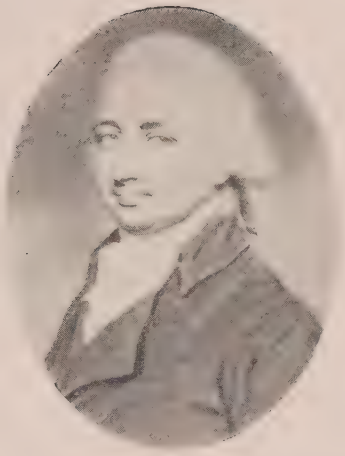
were staying at Kingsburgh House at the time of the Prince's visit. Ranald was then factor for the estate of Strathaird, as his name appears as the occupant of that office in 1747. For a number of years he and his wife lived at Skerinish, and most, if not all, of their children were born there. In 1755 we find him acting as factor for the tutors of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, "The Scottish Marcellus," who was still a minor, a post which he probably held during the remainder of his life. Ranald Macalister died at Skerinish on 29th June, 1762, at the comparatively early age of 47. His widow and family continued to live at Skerinish, but how long after Ranald's death is not very clear. In 1763 we find a translation by Allan Macdonald of Flodigarry, afterwards of Kingsburgh, of a bond of 500 merks in favour of Mrs Anne Macdonald or Macalister, of Skerinish, his sister, dated 9th April of that year, so that at that date Anne and her family were still at Skerinish. There is a gap in Mrs Macalister's history, so far as known, till 1773, when we find her at Coire-chatachain, in Skye, the residence of the Mackinnons, she being, by that time, the wife of Lauchlan Mackinnon of that Ilk, her daughter Flora having married his son Charles.

Ranald Macalister was succeeded in the representation of the family by Alexander, his oldest surviving son, who is said to have acquired by purchase the property of Strathaird in or about 1784, and also to have inherited the lands

of Barr and Cour, in Kintyre. By his death and that of all the older brothers, without surviving male issue, Matthew, Ranald Macalister's 6th son, became the representative of the family, the present laird of Glenbarr Abbey and Crubasdale, Ranald Macdonald Brodie Macalister, being his great grandson.

Ranald Macalister of Skerinish and his wife had a large family of sons, three of whom attained to distinction in the service of the East India Company. The Records of the India Office testify to their qualities. Keith, the oldest of them, rose from the rank of Cadet in 1777, step by step, to the position of Major-General in 1812. He served with great honour in the Indian wars, taking part in the storming and capture of Seringapatam, then an important stronghold in the possession of Tipoo Saib. General Keith Macalister died at Torrisdale, in Kintyre, in 1820, at the age of seventy-four. Norman, the 7th son, rose to the rank of Colonel in the same service as his two older brothers, and was appointed to the honourable and responsible position of Governor of Penang, or Prince of Wales Island. He was lost at sea on board of the East Indiaman 'Ocean' on the voyage home in 1812.

Matthew Macalister, the author of the MS. No. 3, was born on 5th August, 1758. Like his other two soldier brothers, he also entered the service of the East India Company, rising eventually to the rank of Colonel. His career in



COLONEL MATTHEW MACALISTER
OF GLENBARR.

ANNE OF KINGSBURGH
(Mrs Ranald Macalister, afterwards
Mrs Mackinnon of Corry).

the Indian Army was signalised by the sanguinary engagement on 10th September, 1780, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Baillie's detachment was cut off and finally, through an unfortunate accident,[1] was overwhelmed by the army of Hyder Ali, the Indian potentate. On that occasion he received nine wounds, two of which were thought to be mortal, and he was left for dead upon the field among the slain for the best part of a day. It being found that life was not extinct, his wounds were dressed by Hyder Ali's surgeons, but for four years he endured a cruel and painful imprisonment. Yet his wonderful vitality survived these terrible conditions for fifty-three years, his death taking place in 1829.

Dr Samuel Johnson and his biographer experienced the hospitality of Coire-chatachain on two occasions during their sojourn in the Isle of Skye, and 'Lady Corry,' as Anne of Kingsburgh was sometimes called, made a very favourable impression on the great Lexicographer. Boswell describes her as "what we call in Scotland a lady-like woman," and on their second visit he says: "Mrs Mackinnon, with unaffected hospitality and politeness, expressed her happiness in having such company in her house, and appeared to understand and relish Dr Johnson's conversations, as indeed all the company seemed to do. When I knew she was old Kingsburgh's daughter, I did not wonder at the good appearance which she made." This lady was, as has been indi-

[1] Through an explosion in the tumbrils carrying the ammunition.

cated, the ancestress of the lairds of Glenbarr, and she is believed to have either written, or more probably dictated, the information which two of these documents contain. The third MS. was written a good many years after her death, and seems to have been the work of her son, Colonel Matthew Macalister of Glenbarr.

The two older documents, one of which is dated 1802, were evidently written for the information of members of the family, as the phrases, "your mother," "your grandfather," "your grandmother," are used in a connection which places the fact beyond dispute. The writer, or whoever dictated the contents, never speaks of herself in the first person except once. In telling how the different parts of Betty Burke's dress were divided among friends, she adds, "Flora Macdonald got the apron *which I myself saw*." In regard to Betty Burke's dress a curious item of information is given by Chambers in his "Memoirs of the Rebellion." He says: "On the gown being laid aside by the Prince in his wanderings through Skye, it fell into the hands of Mrs Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who sent a specimen of it to Stewart Carmichael of Bonnyhaugh, near Leith, by whom immense quantities of an exactly similar print were made and circulated over the country."

The two older papers contain internal evidence, in the precise and circumstantial way in which everything is told, that the information they contain was given by some one who had first

hand knowledge of what transpired from the Prince's arrival in Skye to his departure from Portree. One of these bears the date of 1802 as the year in which the information was written, and as Anne of Kingsburgh was a married woman in 1746, she must have attained to a ripe old age at the former date, if, as is fairly certain, the facts were communicated by her.

The third MS. was drawn up for the information of Mr Robert Chambers, for use in his "Memoirs of the Rebellion," by Colonel Matthew Macalister of Glenbarr, Anne of Kingsburgh's son, in 1827, about two years before his death. The only material item contained in it which does not appear in the older papers is the story of the broken bowl. This was a remarkable omission of an incident which every other writer on the Princes's visit to Kingsburgh has seized upon with eagerness. These MSS. have thus been already drawn upon, but this has not sufficed to obviate a number of strange errors. Of all writings on the subject of the '45 perhaps the least critical and unreliable as to matters of detail is MacGregor's life of Flora Macdonald. This writer tells an interesting but very incorrect story. According to his narrative, Ormiclate Castle in South Uist was the Clanranald residence in 1745, but that residence was burnt in 1715 and never re-occupied, the family home thereafter being at Nunton in Benbecula. He states that the Prince, after his arrival in Kilbride bay, in Skye, spent the night in a recess on the rocky shore of

Mugstot, to which Neil McEachen, his *fidus Achates*, carried blankets and other coverings, while, as a matter of fact, the Prince and Alexander Macdonald, the Chamberlain, walked that same evening to Kingsburgh, where the Prince spent the night. Who first concocted this fiction we are not in a position to say. He further tells us, what other writers like Sandford Terry, Cuthbert Hadden, Drummond Norrie, and others have averred, that the daughter who was with her parents in Kingsburgh House was a little girl, the truth being that it was Mrs Ranald Macalister—already more than once referred to—and the mother of three children. Again, either MacGregor or Chambers, whom the former quotes in a footnote, is responsible for the following absurdity: "Chambers states that in 1827 it (the punch bowl broken after the symposium at Kingsburgh) was in the possession of Colin Macalister of Barr and Cour, who married a daughter of old Kingsburgh, the little girl of whom mention has been already made."[1] There never was a Colin Macalister of Barr and Cour, but there was a Colonel Macalister, who was not married to Kingsburgh's daughter, but was her son and the son of Ranald Macalister. Other strange fables have found their way into the story, of which MacGregor shares the responsibility with the other writers referred to. Mrs Macdonald of Kingsburgh is made to speak the broadest of broad Scotch, a

[1] P. 101, MacGregor's "Life of Flora Macdonald."

form of speech which, however becoming among Lowland people of the time, was not current among the tacksman class in Skye in the 18th century, and she is represented as having an unusual partiality for using the name of the Prince of Darkness to adorn her conversation. On learning that the Prince had arrived at Kingsburgh, and on her husband asking her to go to welcome him, she shrank from doing so at first, not knowing, as she said, how to behave before Majesty. We are told that this somewhat timid lady, who was of the Castleton family and a first cousin of the last Baronet of Sleat, acted as follows in the Prince's company :—She lifted his sleeve to see if he had the itch, as was reported, and afterwards said to Bishop Forbes : "I saw a bonny white skin indeed. The deel a lady in a' the land has a whiter and a purer skin than he has."[1] In the same narrative from the "Lyon in Mourning" this lady remarks, regarding Charles' achievements at the supper table, "The deel a drap did he want in his weam of twa bottles of sma' beer. God do him good o't." Again, when the time came for Charles to don once more for a short time the garments of Betty Burke—having divested himself of them during his stay at Kingsburgh—Mrs Macdonald caused her daughter to act as handmaid, for, as she afterwards is said to have told Bishop Forbes, "the deel a preen he could put in." It is not to be believed that a well-born lady of the 18th century, from

1 "Lyon in Mourning," Vol. I., p. 116.

Skye, could have talked such rubbish as is here put into her mouth, in whatever way it got into the Bishop's collections. We have at least one passage in the Kingsburgh MS., undoubtedly authentic and first hand, in which she is represented as speaking to Captain Ferguson on his visitation of Kingsburgh house after the Prince had passed through. Not knowing who he was, she asked his name, when he said, "I am Captain Ferguson." "God help me then," she said; "if you are to be my Judge I need not expect justice, as you are reckoned a very bad man and a severe one." This was the kind of English spoken at Kingsburgh, and one other instance at least will be found in these MSS.

One more egregious error is connected with the episode in which Charles parted with a lock of his hair as a keepsake for the Kingsburgh ladies. This is how Mr Cuthbert Hadden tells the tale, and he is but one of several who repeat the same myth:—"Next morning, or rather that same morning, Flora, at the request of Mrs Macdonald, went blushing into Charles' bedroom, and, while he laid his head in her lap and put his arms round her waist, cut a lock of his hair." One recorder of the incident as quoted by Cuthbert Hadden says that this was "a dangerous approach to sentiment where a Stuart was concerned," and Mr Hadden adds, "but the episode lasted only a few minutes, and Mrs Macdonald was at the door."[1] Such are the pranks that the

[1] "Prince Charles Edward," by Cuthbert Hadden, p. 245.

historical imagination plays upon writers who burn to compose smart paragraphs, but lacking genuine sources of information, or failing to make proper use of them, fall into grievous error. Who propagated the myth I know not, but, as a matter of fact, Flora Macdonald was not present at the hair-cutting, and could not have gone blushing into Charles' bedroom, as she was by that time on the way to Portree. According to the Kingsburgh MS., it was Mrs Macdonald and Mrs Macalister, her daughter, who carried out the hair-cutting.

Chambers' "History of the Rebellion, 1745-46," of which the 5th edition, greatly enlarged and extended, was published in Edinburgh by W. & R. Chambers in 1840, is one of the authorities upon the subject. It appeared originally in Constable's "Miscellany" in 1827. It is in some respects as unreliable as the others referred to. Unnecessarily so, one would think, as Colonel Macalister's information supplied to the author might have saved him from the pitfalls into which he fell by following untrustworthy guides. The fable about the seven-year-old daughter of Kingsburgh rushing in to her mother's bedroom with the announcement that her father had brought home "the most odd, muckle, ill-shaken wife she had ever seen, and brought her into the hall, too!" is here repeated.

Obviously the prime value of these MSS. lies in their containing authoritative and first hand evidence of the Prince's movements during a

critical phase of his wanderings. All three are mutually consistent as to facts they all record, while each contains more or less matter not found in the others. For convenience they are numbered 1, 2 and 3. As to the authorship, there is a significant sentence towards the end of MS. 2. There is a reference to the descent of old Kingsburgh, and then it goes on: "This your mother makes me write in case I should forget it." This statement is evidently addressed to one or more of the Macalister family, dictated by Anne of Kingsburgh—Mrs Ranald Macalister—and apparently written by a third party who cannot now be identified.

MS. 1 (1802) has some pages at the beginning containing matter which does not appear in 2 and 3, recounting certain curious adventures supposed to have occurred after the Prince's flight from Culloden, a brother of Macdonald of Glenalladale and other friends being with him at the time. These incidents are almost entirely absent from any accounts of those days that have yet appeared, but there must have been some grounds for the stories, or they could hardly have been put down in sober earnest. It is not, however, very probable that there was sufficient time for the alleged occurrences during the interval between the Prince's arrival at Lochnanuagh and his departure for the Long Island—an interval that has been otherwise fully accounted for. It seems to the present writer that the incidents in question have been misplaced, and, so far as they

are historical, belong to the period subsequent to the Prince's escape from the Long Island and his wanderings in the neighbourhood of Glenmoriston. They fall to be dealt with in their place.

In MSS. 1 and 2 the Prince's embarking for France is recorded, but there is no account given of the months of wandering that elapsed before the actual departure took place. In connection also with the departure there is a misplacement of facts that are undoubtedly historical. While Charles was tossed on the Hebridean waves, two French ships arrived at Borrodale and landed 40,000 louis d'or, the famous Locharkaig treasure, driving off the British ships Greyhound, Baltimore, and Terror. In the MSS. this occurrence is told in connection with Charles' embarkation for France, and thus wrongly placed. It is thus to be noted that the MSS., while eminently trustworthy as to all that happened in Skye, is less so as to the sequence of events beyond the observation of the narrators.

In point of literary form and correctness, No. 2, though seemingly in the same hand, is somewhat in advance of No. 1, while 3 is more modern in style. To sum up, it seems a fair conclusion that 1 and 2 were dictated and not written by Anne of Kingsburgh (Mrs Macalister), 3 being the work of Colonel Matthew Macalister of Glenbarr and Cour, her son. They are in the main concerned with the Prince's escape from the Long Island, his progress through Skye *via* Mugstot and Kingsburgh, and his parting with

his friends at Portree. It has, however, been felt that the story as told in these pages should not be confined to this particular episode. Chapters are included containing short sketches of the Prince's wanderings after Culloden, of the friends who took the most active part in his rescue, as also on the Gaelic literature of the '45, which has special characteristics of its own. These may lend interest to the present treatment of the theme.

CHAPTER II

AFTER CULLODEN

IMPORTANT historical episodes, whatever be their political issues, are always a revelation of character, which, as John Buchan somewhere says, "plays the major part in the life of action." This is emphatically true of the Rising of 1745. People obtained immortality through their share in that romantic adventure who might have remained in obscurity had Charles never crossed from France. So too have the stirring drama of the '45, its brilliant opening and its tragic close, been a rich soil on which have sprung up many fair flowers of our Scottish Literature.

Culloden's dark day has come and gone; the clans that fought so bravely for the heir of all the Stuarts have been scattered in flight, and Charles has started on the long and weary pilgrimage of a hunted fugitive. With the courage of despair did he attempt to stem the tide of defeat and arrest the flight of his army, but a number of his officers gathered round him, assuring him that, for the present, resistance was out of the question, and the only reasonable course was to retire. Charles permitted O'Sullivan, an intimate member of his staff, to seize the bridle of his horse and lead him off the field, and, with a few of his officers and a detachment of Fitz-

James' Horse, hurried quickly to the Ford of Faillie, on the water of Nairn, where the first halt was made. Leaving this they pushed on in the hope of securing much needed rest and refreshment in the house of some local Jacobite, but neither at Tordarroch nor Aberarder did they succeed, though both were on their route. Not until they got the length of Gortuleg house in Farraline of Stratherrick, where they arrived in an exhausted condition, did they obtain the supply of their sore and urgent needs. By a strange fate, who chanced to be at Gortuleg house on that disastrous day but old Lord Simon, the famous, probably we should say, the notorious chief of the Clan Fraser? The details of his meeting with the Stuart Prince, fresh from the scene of his failure, has been variously, but not authentically, recorded. Jacobite at heart, though professing allegiance to the Government, there was no need for him to disguise his real sentiments, and we may well believe that, even in the Prince's desperate plight, he would still have urged him not to yield in his struggle for the crown of his ancestors. Simon was no saint, was in fact what in modern parlance would be termed a 'twister,' but what about the vindictive mentality of those who sent a man of well over four score years to an end, which must in any case have been awaiting him, not far down the vale of years?

Charles did not stay long at Gortuleg, for at 2 o'clock next morning he and his companions

are found at Invergarry, whose castle stood grim, desolate and deserted, by the dark waters of Loch Oich. The old chief was absent; the heir, Alasdair Ruadh, was a prisoner, and the gallant Angus, his younger brother, lay beneath the sod in Falkirk Churchyard.[1] Still they were able to snatch a few hours of sleep within the ancient pile, and Ned Burk, who had all along been their guide, proved himself a resourceful follower. Observing a fishing net on the Garry, he drew it ashore, and finding two salmon in its meshes was able to furnish a welcome breakfast for the Prince and his friends. Leaving Invergarry on the afternoon of Thursday, 17th April, the fugitives, after a long and fatiguing march, arrived at Glen Pean, at the head of Loch Arkaig, at the farmstead of Donald Cameron, on the morning of Friday, the 18th. There they stayed till the afternoon, Charles lingering in the hope of hearing something of his officers, but, no news arriving, a start was made for the coast. Crossing a wild mountain region, they came by Saturday upon the residence of Angus Mac Eachen, who had been a surgeon in the Glengarry regiment during the recent campaign, where they were hospitably entertained. There they rested all Saturday, and at dawn on Sunday morning resumed their march to Glen Beasdale, a pendicle of the farm of Borrodale, where they arrived the same afternoon. It was not considered safe that the Prince should stay in Borrodale House,

1 *Vid* Appendix IV.

though it belonged to a loyal follower, seeing it was almost within a stone throw of Loch nan Uamh, and it is probable that he sought refuge in some secluded hut or cottage in the neighbouring woods. There a number of the local gentlemen who had escaped from the battlefield, among them young Clanranald, discussed the situation. Whether was the cause to be abandoned as hopelessly lost, or whether should Charles make one more attempt to retrieve his shattered fortunes? Clanranald for one favoured the latter course. He offered to visit the Isles to see how the land lay in those regions, or at least secure a ship if flight was perforce decided on. The decision was on the balance when a visit from Aeneas Macdonald, the Paris banker, led to the course that was eventually adopted. Macdonald, who was a brother of Kinlochmoidart, had just returned from Barra, where he had been securing a quantity of gold landed there from a Spanish vessel the previous December. It was to have been taken to Inverness, if success had crowned the Prince's arms, but now it was deposited at Kinlochmoidart. Macdonald the Banker's guide and assistant in carrying out the transfer of the precious metal was Donald Macleod, Galtrigall, near Dunvegan Head, a tenant of the Dunvegan chief—an honest, intelligent seafaring man, whose services to the Prince will hereafter be more fully discussed, and he now steps upon the scene and plays a truly noble part in the doings of these eventful months.

We may read between the lines that the project of continuing the struggle was for the present definitely abandoned, and this becomes quite clear when we are told that after the interview with Charles, the Banker returned to Kinlochmoidart, and Donald, who was there at the time, was summoned to the Prince's presence, no doubt with the view of securing his services to convey him to a place of safety. It seems to have been a settled plan that Charles should take refuge in the Hebrides, and his friends were agreed that, of all men who might be available, Donald was the individual to whom the enterprise should be entrusted. Donald accepted the dangerous mission, and a suitable eight-oared boat having been secured, a crew was selected. These consisted of Roderick Macdonald, Lauchlan Mac Mhuirich, Roderick Mac Caskill, John Macdonald, Murdoch Macleod, and Edward Burk. There were also on board O'Sullivan and O'Neill, of the Prince's staff, and Allan Macdonald, the priest who joined him at Gartuleg. The personnel of some of the crew may be referred to. John Macdonald, who was a lieutenant in the Prince's army, was a son of Lachlan Macdonald, tacksman of Dremisdale, South Uist, and a nephew of Alexander the Bard. Edward Burke had been a chairman in Edinburgh and servant to Alexander Macleod, one of the Prince's aides-de-camp, son to Alexander Macleod, advocate. Burk was a native of North Uist, a simple-minded loyal fellow, whose experi-

ences are given in some detail in the "Lyon in Mourning." Murdoch Macleod was a youth of unusual courage. At the age of 15 he was attending school at Inverness, but, hearing that a battle was imminent, he secured a claymore, dirk and pistol, and ran off to Culloden, where he fought on the Prince's side. Having escaped from the perils of the field, he now joins his father as a member of his crew.

As the time for embarking drew near, the keen-eyed men of the sea observed ominous changes in the heavens which betokened the approach of a heavy gale. Donald Macleod besought the Prince to postpone the journey till better weather conditions were in sight. But Charles, with the wilfulness of his race, made light of these fears, and insisted upon starting without loss of time. The boat was launched, the crew embarked, and the adventurers steered out into the open, endeavouring to keep clear of the reefs that make that coast so dangerous. The gale, which the weather wise had seen on its way, broke into a violent tempest; lightning flashed, thunder pealed, and rain fell in torrents. The frail bark seemed in imminent peril, and it looked as if the elements were to complete the disaster begun at Culloden. The Prince, it was said, proposed returning, a course of even greater peril, which could not possibly be thought of. Night fell, and through the thick darkness they steered without light or compass, or pump to eject the incoming water. But in

the month of April the nights are not oppressively long, and to the weary and spray-sodden voyagers truly the light was sweet when through the grey mist of morning the coast of the Long Island was revealed. According to Neil Mac Eachen's MS., it was Roderick Macdonald who was at the helm, but though Neil's narrative is valuable where his personal knowledge is concerned, in this connection his information is not so reliable, being hearsay. But it is not impossible that Macdonald may have relieved the aged steersman, as the former, being a native of that region, would know the harbour of Roshinish, and could steer the boat past the jagged rocks of that desolate region to temporary safety. Here at Barra na Luinge the weary voyagers landed on the morning of Sunday, 27th April; drew their boat ashore; found shelter in a sheiling bothy near the shore, and extracted what comfort they could from a fire of driftwood.

The Prince's landing place was on the Clanranald estate, seven miles from the chief's residence at Nunton, which stood close by the Atlantic shore on the other side of the island. That very day the chief was entertaining at his table the Rev. John Macaulay, minister of South Uist, who was probably conducting service in that part of his extensive parish, the difference of creed apparently not interfering with his enjoyment of Clanranald's hospitality. Neil Mac Eachen, who is said to have been tutor in the family, and was associated with the Prince's sub-

sequent adventures, was also present. Though old Clanranald had not like his son followed the Prince to the field, he was known to be friendly to the cause, and became privy to the schemes for his escape that were afterwards concocted by the friends.

The news was not long of coming to Nunton by the mouth of some servant of Clanranald that strangers had landed at Roshinish and taken shelter in a hut at Barra na Luinge. At a time when the Highlands were full of surmises as to the whereabouts of the Prince, Clanranald might well have suspicions as to the identity of these visitors, and at once sent messengers to obtain definite information. The parish minister, however, was also on the *qui vive*. His Hanoverian suspicions were aroused, and he sent a messenger of his own on the quiet upon the same errand, under pretence that he was acting on Clanranald's instructions. This messenger, not only brought back news of the party at Roshinish, but furnished the additional information that the Prince proposed to proceed to Stornoway to secure a ship as soon as weather conditions were favourable. The part played by the minister of South Uist, his father, Aulay Macaulay, minister of Harris, and Colin Mackenzie, minister of Lochs—the two latter having been informed by the first of the situation—succeeded eventually in frustrating the Prince's plans to take ship from Stornoway to the Continent. The Church of Scotland, as a matter of policy, was favourable to

the settled Hanoverian *regime*, having suffered hard things in the past at the hands of the Prince's forbears. Yet we do not feel called upon to express admiration for the actions of these clerical gentlemen at this particular juncture, though a mistaken sense of duty may have inspired their conduct.

Clanranald's messenger returned with tidings that the strangers who had landed were fugitive officers, who were accompanied by Allan Macdonald, a priest, and relative of Clanranald's own; whereupon, divining that this was the Prince and his party, the chief and Neil Mac Eachen set off with as much privacy as was possible. Arriving at Roshinish they found the travellers, who had helped themselves to one of Clanranald's cows to supplement their scanty stores, discussing plans for their Stornoway expedition. It was Clanranald's first meeting with the Prince, and while the future, all dark and threatening, must have oppressed them both, the scheme for proceeding to Stornoway was discussed in detail. The party was to pose as shipwrecked mariners, with assumed names, anxious to return to their home in Orkney, and taking advantage of a ship from Stornoway, bound for Orkney, whence a cargo of meal was to be fetched for the people of South Uist. Clanranald and Neil Mac Eachen returned to Nunton, leaving the Adventurer and his men making preparations for a fresh departure.

The boat that carried the Prince from Borrodale, with its crew and trusty skipper, was once

more launched on the stormy waters of the Minch on the evening of the 29th April, and its course directed to Stornoway. According to Neil Mac Eachen's account they arrived at Lochmaddy at dawn, and as they would fain escape the notice of the Government warships that were watching the coast, they stayed in concealment there during the hours of daylight. There is a Uist tradition that when the Prince escaped from the Long Island to Skye his boat was driven by stress of weather to Lochmaddy or its neighbourhood, and he and his companions were entertained by a crofter, Ewen Macpherson, through whose descendants the story has come down. Tradition may have confused the two voyages, and the incident told by the Macphersons may have taken place during this voyage to Stornoway.

On the evening of the 30th April the Prince and his comrades left Lochmaddy, and arrived at the island of Scalpay, at the mouth of East Loch Tarbert, before daybreak next morning, and still with the view of eluding the vigilance of the warships that scoured the waters of the Long Island, moored their boat at Aird-na-h-adhadh. Here the Prince remained till the 4th May in the house of Donald Campbell, tenant of the island, while Donald Macleod and his crew made the best of their way to Stornoway to secure some craft for the service and security of the Royal wanderer, leaving O'Sullivan, O'Neill, and Burk behind with the Prince. During his stay at Scalpay the

voice of tradition has handed down a story which, whatever be its historical value, is worth noting in any account of those days. It has been recorded in graphic terms by the late Dr Alexander Carmichael in the pages of the *Celtic Review*.[1] "The Prince was living at the time in the house of Mr Donald Campbell, tacksman of Scalpay, a descendant of the house of Argyll. Mr Donald Campbell was exceptionally big and powerful, and the greatest swordsman in the Isles, whether, as the narrator said—le claidheamh cul no le claidheamh cruachan —with back-sword or hip-sword—le claidheamh mor no le claidheamh beag—with big sword or small sword—le claidheamh da laimh no le claidheamh leth laimh—with two-handed sword or with one-handed sword—le claidheamh cul no le claidheamh leis—with back-sword or thigh-sword. He was generous and hospitable, and patient, too, till roused, but when roused like Naois :—

> **B'i choimeas an fhairge gharg—**
> **His likeness was the wild ocean.**

Ann an glasadh graidh na camhanaich—in the beloved grey dawn of the morning—a messenger came in to tell Donald Campbell that a boat from Mobhaig a' Chuain—Mobhaig of the Ocean—was making for Scalpay. Donald Campbell hurried down to meet the boat with his claymore in his hand. Its occupants were the minister of Harris, Mr Aulay

[1] Vol. VI., 1909-10, p. 337.

Macaulay, and some relatives. 'What is the reason for this rare visit to this forgotten island, Mr Aulay?' said Donald Campbell. 'We have heard that you have got the Prince in Scalpay, and we have come to seize him.' 'Yes, the Prince is in my house, but before a hair of his head is hurt it will be over my prostrate body. I am as much against the Stuarts as you are, Mr Aulay, and I would fight them in the field, but the Prince is foodless, homeless, and friendless, and alone in my house, and the first man among you who comes ashore to seize him, I will cleave to the ground. I care not, lay or cleric, courtier or cloisterer.' All in the boat knew that Donald Campbell's temper was wild when roused, that his arm was strong when raised, and that his sword was powerful when unsheathed, and they discreetly refrained from landing.''

On the 4th day of his sojourn in Scalpay a message was received by the Prince from Donald Macleod to the intent that he had secured a brig of 40 tons burden for his projected voyage to France. Much relieved by this intelligence, he and his companions immediately set sail from Scalpay. Arriving at some point in Lewis that has not been very clearly identified in the records, he and his companions, O'Sullivan, O'Neill, and Burk, after a most difficult land journey—in which the guide they had secured was evidently at fault—over a trackless barren waste intersected with lochs and torrential rivers,

and under a pitiless storm of wind and rain, came to the moor of Arnish, within a couple of miles of Stornoway, in a state of utter exhaustion. The guide was sent to Donald Macleod, who was still in Stornoway, to apprize him of their arrival and to procure much needed refreshments.

On Macleod's arrival at Arnish, he took the Prince to the house of Mrs Mackenzie of Kildun, where he and his companions were hospitably entertained, and thereafter returned to Stornoway to complete the arrangements for their departure. On his arrival he found a condition of things which proved the ruin of all their plans. Already suspicions had been aroused by the intelligence as to the Prince's movements that had been communicated by the minister of South Uist through the ministers of Harris and Lochs, the latter being resident not more than fourteen miles from Stornoway, and Macleod, who had chartered a brig for £100, had been obliged to buy it outright for the exorbitant price of £500. On this occasion, however, the town was seething with excitement, the rumour having gone round that the Prince had landed with 500 men, and though Donald was able to convince the people of the actual facts, and found there was no fear of the Prince being molested, he was unable to get delivery of the ship or secure a pilot and crew. Such were the tidings of failure and disappointment that Charles received at Arnish, the hopes of speedy deliverance blasted, and the perils of the situation hourly increasing. In these cir-

cumstances there was nothing for it but to make the best of their way back to Uist, and preparations were at once made for departure.

The details of the return journey to Benbecula have been given with considerable minuteness, and though Neil Mac Eachen's narrative is not that of an eye-witness, and is not always accurate in its details, its value is enhanced by the fact that we have Donald Macleod's account to confirm it where correct and to correct it where inaccurate. Two of the crew got scared and deserted, but, with Donald Macleod, Ned Burk, and five others, their craft was not insufficiently manned. We are told how, for the uncertain future, stores had to be provided, and a cow beast, provided by the kindly lady of Kildun, was slaughtered and its parts stowed in the boat, with two pecks of meal, a wooden plate, brandy and sugar. Ned Burk was, by the same good friend, supplied with a chunk of butter between two farles of bread, which he thrust into a wallet, and straightway forgot. Steering due south, they skirted the Lewis coast till they came opposite Kebock Head, when, observing four men-of-war off the point, they crept along the shelter of the shore, and made for the uninhabited island of Iarrainn, at the mouth of Loch Shell. They who were in flight from the avenger, themselves became objects of dread. Some fishers who were drying their nets upon the shelving rocks of Iarrainn, imagining that the Prince and his crew were a press-gang from one of the ships, took to

their heels and left their catch behind. Though the island was uninhabited, there were rude huts that had been erected for temporary occupation by the fishermen, while following their calling, and in one of these Charles stayed four nights, enjoying the luxury of a heather bed. In view of the numerous ships seen from time to time in the offing, there was some uncertainty as to when they could resume their voyage, and the catch left behind by the fishermen was regarded by the Prince as something of a lucky find. But the crew, whose code of honour did not readily relax, refused to touch it. Mac Eachen's version—and the incident he relates may be historic—goes on : it was only when the Prince himself "went in a passion and carried half a dozen of them in his arms and threw them in the boat, saying, since they were all so gentle and scroupulous that he would take the sin upon himself and show them the example," that the crew, "dashed and confused, would have loaded the boat if he permitted them.[1] The cooking of the fish became a problem, as Neil Burk declared that without butter it would be dry and tasteless. The butter given by the Lady of Kildun was then remembered, and although the bread had got pulverised and mixed with it in Neil's pocket, and it looked not appetizing, the culinary purpose was somehow achieved. By this time provisions had got so scanty that what Mac Eachen calls a lippie of

1 The Prince was for leaving money in payment, but he was persuaded not to do so, as it might fall into the wrong hands.

'gradan' oatmeal—*i.e.* not threshed but burnt out of the ear—alone remained. This, moistened with water and seasoned with a little salt, served the purpose of a meal, the Prince declaring "that it tasted pretty well, considering the ugly appearance it made."

On the fifth day of their sojourn at Iarrainn, this being the tenth May, they set sail for Scalpay in the hope of making a short stay there, and getting a fresh supply of food. But on drawing in to the landing place, the watchful Ned Burk observed four suspicious looking individuals, strangers evidently, making for the boat, and, scenting danger, they again put out to sea. In fact, things were changed in Scalpay. Since Charles's former visit their redoubtable host, finding himself under Government suspicion, retired for a time to some safer retreat.

With Benbecula as their immediate objective, the wanderers made the best of their way towards the south, but the wind having fallen they had to take to the oars till, on the morning of the 11th, a favouring breeze sprang up, which took them swiftly on their way. Not, however, without some alarming experiences. As they drew near the mouth of Finsbay, on the Harris coast, a sloop was seen cruising close to land, and as it was evidently bent on overtaking them, they had to employ both oars and sail to outstrip, if possible, their pursuers. Coming near the point of Rodil, where there were dangerous shallows for heavy craft, the sloop had to keep to the open

sea, and though it continued to show hostile intent, an ebbing tide increased the risk of coming nearer the shore, and the chase was abandoned. Another Government sloop was seen when they came near the entrance of Lochmaddy, but again redoubling their efforts they soon got out of reach, and on the afternoon of 11th May they entered Loch Uisgevagh, on the west coast of Benbecula, and landed at Rarnish, abut a mile south of Roshinish, the Prince's original landing place. There they came upon a grass-keeper's bothy, which, in the tempest of wind and rain that swept in fury across the island, they were glad to occupy as a temporary refuge; but, as Ned Burk says in his statement to Bishop Forbes, "It had so laigh a door that we digged below the door and put heather below the Prince's knees, he being tall, to let him go the easier into the poor hut."

Immediately on their arrival a messenger was sent to Nunton to apprize Clanranald of their failure and return, and next day the chief arrived, accompanied by Neil Mac Eachen. Very little now remained of those necessaries of life with which Mrs Mackenzie had provided them, but their wants were now liberally supplied. It was absolutely necessary, however, that the Prince should be guided to a temporary hiding place until means for conveying him to permanent safety should be obtained, and it was finally determined that a forester's house in Glen Corodale, which lay between the hill of that name

and Benmore,[1] the highest hill in Uist, should be chosen as his retreat. Corodale was rented by Neil Mac Eachen from Clanranald, and it was rightly considered the most suitable place that could be chosen for purposes of secrecy. It was difficult of access except by those acquainted with the country, the only two available approaches being either by way of the sea from the east, or from the west by way of the Gleann Dorcha, or Dark Glen. To Corodale Charles was conducted by Neil Mac Eachen, who stayed with him in his seclusion, except when moving about the townships of South Uist gathering information about the movements of the red-coats or securing necessary provisions. Close to the rocky shore, scooped out of the gneiss of the mountain wall by the hand of nature, is the cave known as 'Uamh a' Phrionnsa.' This cave commands a wide view of sea and land. Not a sail could approach that part by day but could be seen miles away, while from the overhanging rocks a wide expanse of hill and plain is visible. Some have in error written of it as the Prince's regular abode during the weeks of his stay at Corodale, and yet it would not have come to be known to tradition as the Prince's cave unless he had been in the habit of resorting to it, and perhaps resting in its cool shade, with the burn that runs down to the sea making sad music in his ears. And so some one, impressed by the pathos of the circumstances and

[1] Known also as 'Tach an Triubhais.'

the chivalry of the thousands who knew of his presence in the island, wrote these lines :—

" Here did the scion of royalty sleep
In the cave by the murmuring river,
Which sang in his ears as it flowed to the deep
Of the throne that was lost for ever.
Farewell to the thoughts that were once so high :
Alas ! for the hopes that were doomed to die.

" All praise to that loyal Highland band,
Which betrayed not for English gold
The vanquished Prince ere he left the land
Which his fathers ruled of old ;
Ages to come, forget them not,
Though rude their lives and poor their lot."

To the Prince the three weeks—May 15 : June 5—he spent at Corodale were a pleasant interlude in the midst of grave peril. While the ships of war were patrolling the Minch he enjoyed the pleasures of sport, anticipating, as Andrew Lang remarks, the 12th of August. Grouse he could have in plenty, and even a deer fell to his gun. He had a gift for attracting birds, and with a certain whistle could lure plover to their doom. The sea was close by, so that he could vary his sport with the gun by fishing for cod and lythe, and the long days of June passed agreeably, despite the gravity of his position. Visitors came to pay their respects, and stories have come down of revels in which the Prince carried off the palm as a specially valiant bowl man. These friends included Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, Clanranald's half-brother, and Hugh Macdonald of Bale-

share, a cadet of Sleat and a captain in the Militia Regiment commanded by Sir Alexander Macdonald in the Government's interest, but who, like many of his brother officers, was in sympathy with the Jacobites. Among them also were James and Lauchlan Macdonald, undistinguished personally, but known as brothers of the Jacobite Bard, Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. Lauchlan was tacksman of the farm of Dremisdale, and was in the way of supplying provisions for the Prince during his stay at Corodale. Hugh of Baleshare was the secret agent through whom Lady Margaret Macdonald maintained communications with the Prince, supplied him with newspapers, kept him abreast of the latest news about his would-be captors, and sent him such comforts as he needed. He could the more easily do this as Sir Alexander, his chief, was at Fort-Augustus in attendance upon Cumberland.

All this time, however, matters were moving towards a crisis. During this gathering of friends Neil Mac Eachen returned from one of his prowls with rather alarming news. A Macleod contingent had been searching in Barra, and might soon be expected in South Uist. Other parties of militia had arrived in Benbecula and were watching the south Ford; the Minch was studded with Government vessels of war, and the prospects of escape were daily becoming darker. Macdonald of Boisdale reassured the Prince that, if he left Corodale, he could bring him to a hiding place in which he would be safe until he left the

Long Island. Perhaps he could if he remained a free agent, but fate otherwise decreed. In any case, it was obvious the Prince could not remain much longer in Corodale.

The first scheme for Charles's deliverance was concocted by the brothers Hugh and Donald Roy, of Baleshare, with the connivance of Lady Margaret. The idea was to get the Prince conveyed to a small island named Fladda Chuain, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald, about four miles to the N.W. of Rudha Hunish, in Skye, but eventually the project was abandoned. On 6th June the Prince left Corodale for good, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neill, Ned Burk, Neil Mac Eachen, and Donald Macleod, who had just returned from the mainland, where he had been on the Prince's business, and sailed for Wiay, a small island lying to the south-east of Benbecula, where they stayed for some days—according to Neil Mac Eachen, eight days—at the end of which period, the same narrator says, they left that 'Patmos' for good. During that time, probably less than eight days, they stayed under the shelter of a cave, still known as 'Uamh a' Phrionnsa.' It was probably after they crossed over to Roshinish, less than a mile north of Wiay, that they had a visit from Lady Clanranald, who met the Prince for the first time, bringing with her useful and much needed stores.

The situation both at Wiay and Roshinish was perilous in the extreme, though indeed this

description applied to the Long Island as a whole, for the militiamen were landing everywhere and scanning every creek, nook and corner for a sight of the refugees. The boat, however, was ready at hand, under the charge of Donald Macleod and O'Sullivan, and under cover of night they were able to set out for the south end of South Uist without attracting observation. As to the details of this voyage to Loch Boisdale the evidence is somewhat conflicting. Mac Eachen's memory played him false as to names, though as to the trend of events he is usually trustworthy in matters coming under his own observation. There is no doubt that after leaving Roshinish and directing their course southward along the South Uist coast, a heavy storm of wind and rain sprang up, which compelled them to take shelter in a sequestrated cove called 'An Acarsaid Fhalaich'—the anchorage for hiding—lying between Loch Skipport and the point of Ushinish. There, during the remainder of that night and the greater part of next day, they had to wait for the weather to moderate. When the elements became more propitious they resumed their journey southwards. Neil Mac Eachen says that they landed at Corodale and made some hours' stay there; but Donald Macleod does not mention this, and as the Prince was anxious to push on to meet Macdonald of Boisdale and other gentlemen of the Clanranald, the probabilities are against this visit to Corodale having taken place. Again the progress of the voyagers was interrupted, not

on this occasion by stress of weather, but by an optical delusion. Members of the crew observing a rock of a peculiar shape, took it for a long-boat full of marines, and though Donald Macleod, who knew the coast, assured them of its real character, nothing would satisfy the rest but to steer their craft into 'Caolas Staolaidh'—under the lee of whose island they remained all night. There, according to Mac Eachen, they made a tent of the oars and sails of the boat, the Prince lying down upon a bed of heather, while Neil stood sentry all night in front of the tent, placing two of the crew on whom he could most rely about a mile off as an advanced guard. Next morning they arrived at the small island of Calbhaigh, at the mouth of Lochboisdale, where stood the ruins of an ancient fort, known as 'Caisteal a' Bhreabadair.'[1] At this island they moored their boat; preparations were made for spending the night within its crumbling walls; a fire was kindled for a meal, and Neil Mac Eachen was sent to the house of Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, at Kilbride, to intimate the Prince's arrival, get provisions, and gather such information as could be obtained about the movements of the militia and red-coats. Mac Eachen returned late that night, taking with him a welcome store of food and drink, but at the same time very unwelcome intelligence. During their stay at Wiay and Roshinish, Charles had kept up communications with Boisdale, but evidently his visits to the Prince at Corodale had leaked out;

1 The Weaver's Castle.

he was arrested on suspicion, and was now in Barra in the hands of his captors. It was a great blow to Charles to lose so unexpectedly a friend of such influence and resource.

The accounts of the Prince's movements in the Lochboisdale district are apparently so conflicting that it is difficult to weave a consistent narrative from the materials they provide. Certain broad facts, however, may be gathered as to what happened from 16th to 20th June, which were the limits of their sojourn about these shores. Soon after their arrival at Calbhaigh, two ships, first supposed to be French, but afterwards seen to be English, appeared in the offing. If they intended to land, the prospect seemed alarming, and the Prince and his companions took to the hills. This alarm passed, and the voyagers moved about the loch, sometimes passing to the more sequestered parts of the hills, or of the shore, or wherever the least danger was for the moment to be apprehended. It may have been the day following—on or about the 21st June—that, in the words of Alexander the Bard, the Prince's friends formed themselves into a committee and held a consultation as to the best course to adopt. Some were for making for the mainland, frail though their craft was. Others suggested sailing to one of the small isles of Barra, this being the course that met with more favour, as Captain Ferguson was believed to have left Barra for South Uist. Everything was being prepared for this new expedition when an express

came from Lady Boisdale with word that Captain Carolina Scott, whose cruelties rivalled those of the infamous Ferguson, had arrived in Barra from Fort-William, and the scheme was abandoned. It was, however, essential that, if possible, the movements of the foe should be watched, and two of the Prince's crew, sons of Lauchlan Macdonald of Dremisdale, nephews of the Bard, were sent to scout, Lieutenant John Macdonald to the south to watch the movements of Captain Ferguson, and Lieutenant Rory to the north to observe and report upon the movements of the Macleods. It was known that 300 red-coats had arrived in Barra, an equal number of the Macleods of Skye in Benbecula, that General Campbell, who had gone to St Kilda to look for the Wanderer, was on his way to Uist, and that the sea on every hand was swarming with all kinds of hostile ships. The scouts reported that the two parties were to march forward, one from each end of the Island, and that they would meet in the middle district. There was more unpleasant news: that Captain Carolina Scott, or at least some of the red-coats, had by this time landed in South Uist; that Lady Boisdale, whose residence was at Kilbride, on the Sound of Barra, her daughter and all the servants, were tied "neck and heel" in the house, in order to extract a confession from them that the Prince was in those parts; that her cellar had been ransacked, and its contents, with other valuable effects, were being carried by the soldiery as

plunder to the boats. These tidings had an unfortunate effect upon the crew, who, in their terror, sank the boat and left the Prince and the few gentlemen in his company to their fate. This was the crowning misfortune of those anxious and fateful days spent in the neighbourhood of Lochboisdale. The Prince's hope had hitherto been in the resourceful and influential Boisdale, now, alas! a prisoner. But when one door was closed another opened, and the safety of the Prince was now to lie in the gentle but firm hands of a woman.

CHAPTER III

TO THE RESCUE

It was from the ranks of the enemy that a gleam of hope arose. Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, who commanded one of the Independent Companies under Sir Alexander Macdonald, his chief and kinsman, and was at the time in Benbecula, was probably the prime mover in the scheme by which the Prince escaped from the Long Island. Charles was personally known to him; at least he had a chance meeting with the Prince the first time he trod the mainland of Inverness-shire, as is recorded in the information given by his step-daughter, Flora Macdonald, to Bishop Forbes. Hugh happened to be walking along the shore of Lochnanuagh when the Doutelle was seen approaching, and as the Prince stepped on land he was the first to take him by the hand, and they were for a while engaged in conversation. Soon after this Armadale returned to Skye, and, though he served in Uist, they never met again. No doubt Captain Macdonald was impressed, as others were, by the Prince's charm, and in any case the last thing he would wish was that he should fall into the hands of his enemies. Thus it was that when things were at their blackest a private message came from the Captain, through a country gentleman whom he could trust, that it

would be impossible for the Prince to remain any longer in South Uist, and that, though professedly an enemy, he could rely upon his concocting a scheme for getting away to Skye, where he would be protected by Lady Margaret Macdonald. The scheme was to send his step-daughter to Sleat to live with her mother till the enemy was out of Uist, the Prince to dress in woman's clothes and to pass as her servant maid, while Neil Mac Eachen would take charge of both. It is doubtful whether up to this point Flora Macdonald, the step-daughter in question, had any conception of the role she was expected to play.

The time had certainly come for making a move in the direction from which aid was to be obtained. The boat having been put out of action, the sea was no longer available for returning on their tracks. It was decided that the Prince, O'Neill and Mac Eachen should stick together, and that Ned Burk, Donald Macleod, O'Sullivan, and Capt. Allan Macdonald, the priest, who had rejoined the Prince in South Uist, should remain about the neighbourhood of Lochboisdale until an opportunity should occur for eluding their would-be captors. It was to Charles's credit that he sought to deal justly with these men at a time of scanty resources. To the boatmen he paid a shilling a day, besides maintenance, and to his faithful Palinurus—Donald Macleod—he gave an order for 60 pistoles on John Hay of Restalrig, who had been in charge of the Prince's commissariat, not with conspicuous success. It

does not appear that the order was ever honoured. O'Sullivan managed to avoid capture, and eventually escaped to France. Burk succeeded in eluding arrest, but the other two fell into the hands of Allan Macdonald of Knock, a malodorous name in the annals of that time, and from whom they suffered many cruelties. No doubt the parting had its own pathos. Bound together by the bonds of a common danger for quite a number of weeks, the separation from these loyal adherents was painful to the Prince, and to the faithful Donald especially, the memory of those days, with the sadness of farewell, was ever fraught with deep emotion.

From the movements of the Prince and his two companions, that followed upon this, it is evident that they had received more detailed directions how to proceed than appears in the records, and that they had been made cognisant of Flora's abode at the time. Climbing the steep slopes of Beinn Ruigh Coinnich late in the evening of the 21st June, they arrived at midnight, having followed obscure and unfrequented paths, at Alisary, on the slope of Sheaval, within a mile of the house of Airidh Mhuilinn (Milton), Flora's customary home. There, in a summer shieling, she was keeping house for her brother Angus during the period that his cattle were at the hill grazings. Angus was from home, but Neil Mac Eachen, who was an intimate friend, roused the house. Flora soon appeared, and the Prince, who remained at a little distance, was introduced,

an interesting meeting—the meeting of the two central figures in the outstanding drama of that age.

There are different accounts of how Flora received the proposal that she should become the disguised Prince's escort to the Macdonald country in Skye. According to Neil Mac Eachen, she entered readily and joyfully into the scheme. On the other hand, though O'Neill was not a very accurate historian, he is probably correct in saying that she hesitated. Brave though she was, it was inconsistent with what we know of her character that she should enter into so momentous an undertaking in any way approaching a spirit of levity. If she showed reluctance, it was not on account of her own personal risk, but that such a course might compromise her good friend, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. It was, however, represented to her by O'Neill that the Macdonald chief was at the time at Fort-Augustus waiting upon the Duke of Cumberland, and that the adventure was unlikely to come under his personal observation. If her scruples were not entirely overcome, she certainly took the proposal into her serious consideration by setting out that day for Nunton, Clanranald's residence, where the scheme for the Prince's deliverance might be matured. She seems afterwards, for a time, to have hoped that her relative, Hugh Macdonald of Baleshare, in North Uist, who was captain of one of the Independent Companies, might be induced to take

Charles under his protection and provide him with a temporary retreat, but, being a vassal of Sir Alexander's, he shrank from such an undertaking.

The South Ford, which separates South Uist from Benbecula, was strictly guarded against all travellers by the Hanoverian Militia, and Flora's progress towards Nunton was interrupted, apparently at Creagorry, on the Benbecula shore, and she was arrested and detained there for a night. This was Saturday, 21st June. Fortunately the officer in command of the Militia in that quarter was none other than her step-father, Captain Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, and after a night's confinement she was released.

Meantime the Prince, with new hope in his heart and accompanied by Neil Mac Eachen and O'Neill, had proceeded on his way in the mountainous region of South Uist, where alone they might be safe from observation. Arriving apparently on one of the slopes of Hecla, a mountain to the north of Corodale, they rested, and took some food which had been supplied to them by Flora the night before. In this spot they stayed for several hours, but, their store of provisions being exhausted, Neil was despatched after nightfall to the west side to procure the necessary supplies. There was still no word from Flora, and not knowing how her journey to Nunton fared, Neil, on his return from his foraging expedition, was despatched by Charles to make enquiry, leaving himself and O'Neill on the slope of Hecla.

Mac Eachen, on arriving at the South Ford, found its southern shore guarded by detachments of the Skye Militia, sentries being placed within a gunshot of each other from east to west. There he was detained a prisoner till the following morning, and the tide being out by that time, he was conducted across the ford to the friendly quarters of Captain Hugh Macdonald, where he found Flora sitting at the breakfast table. Explanations followed, and Neil was urged to return with all convenient speed to the Prince, with instructions that they should make the best of their way to Roshinish, and that in the meantime Flora and the Clanranald ladies would make arrangements to meet them there with whatever clothes and provisions that might be needed for the voyage.

Neil found the Prince where he had left him the day before, in the shelter of a rock on Hecla, yet withal waxing impatient, as might well be, at the critical moment that had arrived, and shortly thereafter they started for the east coast of Benbecula, for the place appointed for the interview which was to determine for weal or for woe the Prince's fate in the near future. To attempt the journey to Benbecula by the west side was out of the question, and would expose them to certain interruption and arrest. So there was nothing for it but to go by sea. Proceeding to Loch Skipport, a harbour not far from the northern slope of Hecla, they secured a boat and rowers, by means of which they arrived at Wiay

that afternoon, being Sunday, the 22nd June. It was considered, however, that Wiay was too open to the sea and the ships of the ubiquitous foe, and the rowers were directed to pull to the nearest point of Benbecula, whence they could walk to Roshinish, where they were to meet with the party from Nunton. This having been done, Neil paid the boatmen and sent them back home.

An unspeakable amount of miserable discomfort, not to speak of danger and anxiety, was concentrated in these last few days spent in the east of Benbecula just prior to the Prince's escape. Every other moment a new crisis seemed to arise. The first alarm, however, proved illusory. Weary and worn out with want of rest, the Prince and his companions fell asleep where they landed, with the exception of Neil, who took a turn round the shore lest they should be disturbed unawares. A new cause of excitement obtruded itself when he discovered that what they thought was a part of the main island was separated therefrom by an arm of the sea. Here was a situation which, when reported to the Prince, caused extreme consternation, and nothing would do but Neil must swim across and get a boat somewhere to deliver them from their predicament. This was Neil's own proposal, but, while he was pleading for delay, a rock began to appear in mid channel, and finally with the ebb tide, they were able to cross dry shod.

Half starving, wet to the skin and under pelting rain, the Prince and his companions set out for Roshinish, when, after a quarter of a mile walk, they came unexpectedly upon two shielings occupied by tenants of Clanranald, by whom they were hospitably entertained to the extent of their resources, though the identity of the travellers was not disclosed. The doors, Mac Eachen says, were so low that the Prince had to enter in serpentine fashion. Resuming their journey and taking a guide with them, they went on to within three miles of Roshinish, where they rested in the heather till dusk, following their usual tactics of moving in dangerous zones after nightfall. Proceeding in the face of pitiless rain, driven by strong wind and in pitch darkness, they at last arrived at Roshinish and went to the house where they were trysted to meet their friends from Nunton. As yet there was no arrival, but there were the ominous tidings that 20 of the Skye Militia had landed the previous day and were camped a quarter of a mile away. The guide, noticing the effects of this information, told them that there was another house further on belonging to one of Clanranald's boomen, where they could rest until they had decided on their next move.

On arriving at the booman's[1] house the Prince, impatient for his eagerly longed for departure from the Outer Hebrides, proposed sending Mac Eachen to Nunton to urge his friends there to

[1] Booman, one who held his land by Steelbow tenure.

speed the arrangements. Neil would not leave Charles alone with O'Neil, who knew neither the language nor the country, nor whither to retire in case of necessity, and finally it was decided that O'Neill should go instead and convey the Prince's wishes to the folk at Nunton. This O'Neill was more than willing to do, especially as there are indications in the records that his admiration for Flora was warmer than a platonic regard. And now as the day was dawning—June 25—another critical situation arose. The booman's wife informed them that it would not be safe for them to remain there any longer, at present, as the militia men came every morning to obtain milk. There was nothing else to do but to leave the house and take shelter under a rock near the shore until the danger for the moment was past. Here they remained for three hours, waiting for messages from their rustic hostess to say how matters were progressing. Not the least of the troubles of that day were swarms of midges that made the place of their concealment a purgatory, and from which the Prince suffered agonies, while all the time the rain fell in torrents. By the end of three hours they were told by the faithful messenger that they might return, as the militia were gone. There they found what Mac Eachen calls a "roozing" peat fire, which enabled the Prince's rain-sodden garments to be dried, while he himself sat warming himself at the blaze, enjoying the situation in wonderful spirits.

After a hot milk diet—in the course of which the Prince scalded his hand, much to the detriment of his temper—eaten with horn spoons, probably of native manufacture, he slept for some hours on the door-leaf, laid on the floor, covered with an old sail, this being the only bed available. Later on, the useful and imperturbable Neil made up a heather bed, which proved much more comfortable. In the interval Charles had supped on a roasted fowl and some wine sent by the hands of the guide who conducted O'Neill to Nunton and had now returned. On this and the following day the Prince and his faithful attendant stayed in the house at Roshinish, while, to relieve the monotony of waiting, Neil took his Royal Highness to the top of Ruaidhmheall, a hill half-way between Roshinish and Nunton, whence they could have a wide view of the country and observe the movements of their friends on their way to the place of meeting. But the Prince's patience was wearing thin, and on the arrival of the two brothers, John and Rory Macdonald, who were to form two of the crew, Neil left them with the Prince, while he himself made his way to Nunton to hurry matters on and despatch O'Neill with word to Charles as to where it was proposed that they should meet.

Meantime the gallant Flora, who, with her step-father's assistance, had arrived at Nunton, had lost no time in commencing preparations. The manufacture of suitable habiliments for Betty Burke, whose proportions exceeded those

of ordinary females, demanded a certain amount of thought and care as well as skill, and the heroine was no doubt capably assisted by the Clanranald ladies. The articles of dress consisted of a flowered calico gown sprigged with blue, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a large hood such as Irish girls wore, a cap, broad apron, and shoes and stockings. Flora was also provided with a passport for herself, for Neil Mac Eachen as her personal attendant, and for Betty Burke, the spinning maid recommended to Mrs Macdonald, Armadale, Flora's mother, as an adept in the craft. The historic letter containing Captain Hugh Macdonald's recommendation was in the following terms :—

> My Dear Marion,—I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning please you, you can keep her till she spin all your lint, or if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Niel Mac Eachainn along with your daughter and Betty Burke to take care of them.—I am, your dutiful husband,
>
> HUGH MACDONALD.
>
> June 22d, 1745.

The company that wended its way from Nunton to the place of rendezvous consisted of

Flora, her brother Angus, Lady Clanranald, and her daughter Margaret. Neil Mac Eachen was of course along with them. Going by a road whose direction was convenient for a short journey by sea, they arrived in due time at Roshinish, and were met at the place for disembarking by the Prince, who led Lady Clanranald to the house, O'Neill acting as Flora's escort. This was the evening of Friday, 27th June.

The hours were pleasantly, even merrily, spent, and the Prince and his friends had commenced supper when an alarm was sounded. The Clanranald chief, who had probably stayed at home for tactical reasons, had evidently an efficient system of scouts, for one of his herds arrived with the tidings that General Campbell, who had returned from his fruitless hunt in St Kilda, had landed his men within three miles of them. The particular locality is not mentioned, but it must have been at some point north of Roshinish, as the party, on getting the alarm, at once took to boat and made for the south shore of Loch Uisgebhadh, where they landed at five o'clock on the morning of the 28th and finished their interrupted supper. At eight o'clock there was a further alarm. A second message came from Clanranald to the effect that an advance party of General Campbell's men, under the notorious Captain Ferguson, the ruthless scourge of the Jacobites, had arrived at Nunton, and a peremptory order for Lady Clanranald that she should be home by noon or that her house would

suffer for it. Necessity has no law, and Lady Clanranald, who now met the Prince for the last time, had to bid him farewell, at the same time giving a tender adieu to the brave girl who was to her as a daughter, and who was on the eve of facing responsibilities and dangers of unknown magnitude. Her story, at being questioned on her arrival, that she had been visiting a sick child, was quite true as a matter of fact, and does not seem to have been challenged at the time. But not many days thereafter both she and the old chief were arrested.

On the eve of the Prince's departure, O'Neill pled to be permitted to accompany him, and Charles was most reluctant to part with so loyal and trusty a comrade, they having shared so many vicissitudes and dangers together. But Flora would not be persuaded. She had a passport for two in addition to herself, and, not to speak of O'Neill's ignorance of the language of the country, to add a third to the company would be the height of imprudence. These facts produced conviction, and O'Neill had to remain behind. He now passes out of the narrative. After having suffered arrest and a short but painful captivity, he eventually joined the Prince in France. For the present he and Angus, Flora's brother, wended their way to South Uist.

According to Neil MacEachen, besides the passengers, the crew consisted of Rory Macdonald, John Macdonald, both nephews of Alexander the Bard, officers who were out in the

'45; John Mac Mhuirich, Duncan Campbell, and Rory Macdonald of the Glengarry family. Alexander Macdonald the Bard adds, in his information to Bishop Forbes, "an Alexander Macdonald and some other Uist hands." This is probably correct, as the crew otherwise seems small for such a journey, as the men would occasionally need to relieve each other at the oars. Lieut. John Macdonald sat at the helm. Charles before embarking wanted to carry a pistol under his petticoat in case of emergencies, but this his conductress forbade. And so, after a week of great discomforts and continual risks on the Benbecula coast, Charles and his friends, about eight o'clock in the evening of the 29th June, committed themselves and their frail shallop to the mercy of the treacherous winds and the wild waves of "Cuan Sgith."

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE FOWLER'S SNARE

That the Prince and his company should have steered for the Misty Isle of Skye was in the nature of things the most natural course when every direction was fraught with danger. That they should have made for the Macdonald country, notwithstanding the failure of the Chief of Sleat to take part in the Rising of the 1745, was in itself the line of least peril. It was known to Charles' friends that Sir Alexander Macdonald was at the moment at Fort-Augustus, Cumberland's Headquarters, and Lady Margaret, who was probably at home, was at heart a keen Jacobite, and had in many ways befriended the Prince.

The accounts of the voyage across the Minch are not in all respects reliable. Neil Mac Eachen speaks of a gale of westerly wind having sprung up at midnight, accompanied by a thick fog. The direction of the wind being in their favour eased the rowing, and having in the darkness lost their bearings, the weary oarsmen, glad of the respite, allowed their shallop to drift on its uncharted way. Day dawned, and the fugitives found themselves near the coast of Skye, considerably to the south of its northern border, and the rowers attempted to direct their course with

the view eventually of landing in the Macdonald country of Troternish. The wind meantime had veered to the north, and blew so strong in their faces that for one and a-half hours little or no progress was possible. The dreariness and discomfort of the Prince and his gallant protectress may well be imagined. The latter was naturally overcome with fatigue after the late strenuous hours, and slept on the ballast the sleep of the weary. The Prince endured the hardships of the voyage right manfully, and cheered up the rowers with such songs as "The King shall enjoy his own again" and "The 29th of May."

According to Neil Mac Eachen's account, they took their boat into a creek or ocean cave somewhere at the point of Watersay[1] (*sic*) for rest and refreshment. On the other hand, Alexander Macdonald the Bard, in his statement to Bishop Forbes, says they mistook the Snod[2] for the point of Waternish. This might well happen in view of the foggy night and the uncertainty of their actual position on the Skye coast. The Bard's statement seems to be supported by a tradition that has been handed down in the district of Dunvegan.[3] There is a cave at Dunvegan Head still known as Uamh a' Phrionnsa, which obviously must have received the name from some association with Charles, and it is to this effect: Effie, daughter of

1 Meaning Waternish.
2 The Gaelic for Dunvegan Head.
3 Received by the writer from Mr Mackenzie, Dunvegan, factor for Macleod.

Neil Maclean, lived at Boreraig, near Dunvegan Head, and died some 37 years ago, over a hundred years of age. Her statement was that when her grandmother was a young girl she was sent with food for the Prince's party to this cave, and that, owing to the precipitous nature of the rocky shore, it had to be lowered in a creel. Neil Mac Eachen's account of the meal is that "they rested themselves for an hour, and at the same time revived their drooping spirits with a plentiful repas (*sic*) of bread and butter, while the water that fell from the top furnished them drink." Assuming the Bard's statement to be correct, that they took the Snod to be the point of Waternish, and giving due weight to the traditional name of the cave, there may be something of historic truth in the tradition that has come down across six generations. The simplicity of the fare does not suggest that it was provided by the friends in the Clanranald country. But there are difficulties inherent in the story, even though it be true. How did it come to be known that the Prince was to pass by that way on that particular morning, and how is it that no reference is made to this incident in any of the contemporary accounts? Its having occurred in the Macleod country, within the ambit of the hostile Chief of Dunvegan, might well have drawn the vail of oblivion over the kindly deed.

Proceeding on their way along the northern shore of Skye, they had not gone far when two sentries appeared, who ordered them to halt.

Instead of doing so they pulled all the faster away out of gunshot, but a Militia company came in sight, who fired several shots in their direction without inflicting any damage on the occupants of the little craft. MacGregor, in his Life of Flora Macdonald, following Chambers, speaks of a hail of shots, by one of which the tiller was shattered and the hand of one of the crew was grazed, but there is no evidence from any one of the first-hand accounts that such a casualty took place.

About 2 oclock[1] on Sunday afternoon, 29th June, the little boat that carried the heir of the Stuarts touched the bay of Kilbride, the particular name of the spot being Allt a' Chuain—Sea-burn —within a few minutes' walk of Mugstot house, the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. This had been the home of the chiefs since the Revolution, when Duntulm, their ancient seat, had been destroyed for habitation. At the moment of landing at Kilbride bay the Prince, notwithstanding his disguise, was perhaps in more imminent peril than during any other crisis in his wanderings. A party of Macleods, numbering 40 or 50, was at the shore waiting for the arrival of every boat from the Isles, and their curiosity having been aroused as to the identity of this strapping maid, the marvel is that their questionings did not result in a disastrous discovery.[2] Flora could only answer these awkward queries

[1] Eleven a.m. according to Neil Mac Eachen, but we follow the Kingsburgh MS. 2.

[2] MS. 2.

by telling that her name was Betty Burke; that she was an Irishwoman and could speak no English. Curiosity was soon satisfied, and the danger passed over.

Accompanied by Neil Mac Eachen, Flora started for Mugstot house, leaving the Prince sitting on a trunk at the shore. The boatmen were strictly enjoined not to stir until their return or on receiving instructions, and in case further curiosity led anybody thither asking who it was, to answer that it was Miss Macdonald's maid, "and to curse her for a lazy jade; what was she good for since she did not attend to her mistress?"[1]

On arriving at Mugstot, Flora found the officers of the two companies that were stationed on the Troternish coast dining with Lady Margaret, Sir Alexander being at Fort-Augustus, Cumberland's Headquarters. One of the officers was Captain Alexander Macleod, son to Donald Macleod of Balmeanach. Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Chamberlain for Troternish, was also on the scene. Flora joined them at the dinner table, at which they were about to sit on her arrival. During the course of the dinner she was closely questioned by Captain Macleod with a view to getting information as to the Prince's whereabouts, but to all such Flora gave non-committal answers, interspersed with pleasant sallies, preserving all the time a serene and unruffled exterior, though inwardly passing

1 Neil Mac Eachen's MS. in "Origins of the 'Forty-five."

through very anxious moments. Her unconcerned manner so impressed the officer, and so charmed was he with her company, that any suspicions he might be disposed to harbour were entirely set at rest.

After dinner Flora managed to engage Kingsburgh in a brief colloquy, in which she disclosed to him her errand from the Long Island, and told him of the disguised Prince who was waiting by the shore. Kingsburgh, a man of great coolness and courage, listened to her disclosure, apparently unmoved, and after a short time resumed his place with Lady Margaret and her other guests. After a further interval Kingsburgh left the dining-room, and, going to Lady Margaret's apartment, sent down a servant, who told her in a low voice that there was a person in her ladyship's room that wanted to speak to her.

Responding to this call without undue haste, she had the whole state of matters placed before her by the old Chamberlain. She might well be agitated, though not altogether surprised. Among the guests at Mugstot was a Mrs Macdonald, wife of John Macdonald of Kirkibost, in North Uist, a son of William Macdonald, Tutor of Sleat. She had crossed the Minch the previous day, and told, evidently on authentic information, that the Prince was on the eve of taking boat to Skye. According to Neil Mac Eachen's account,[1] she "was so strictly examined by the party upon the point of Waternish (taking her to be the

[1] Origins of the 'Forty-five, p. 263.

Prince in disguise), that she was at all the pains imaginable to keep off the soldiers' hands from examining her person too closely,'' which must have been the Prince's fate had he fallen into their hands. All this, it may be remarked in passing, deepens the marvel that Betty Burke, sitting on her trunk by the sea shore, surrounded by inquisitive militiamen, should have escaped an ordeal which must have proved fatal.

The plans of Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh had to be quickly made. It was a vital necessity that the Prince should be removed from his present surroundings, and Kingsburgh undertook to conduct him that night to his own house, while a message was sent to Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, brother to Baleshare, who had been an officer in the Prince's army, and was receiving surgical attendance from Dr Maclean, Shulista, for a wound received in the foot at Culloden, to meet the Prince the following night at Portree with the view of his being conducted to the mainland. He was to find the old Laird of Raasay, under whose charge the Prince was to be placed. Meantime Charles, sitting on the trunk with fast ebbing patience, was wondering when his next move was to take place. In the midst of the preparations for departure, Neil Mac Eachen was despatched to guide him to a spot where he was to wait pending Kingsburgh's readiness to accompany him to his own residence. From the door of Mugstot house the place was indicated to Neil as being situated about a mile distant. This

was a pass called Bealach nan Cabar, to the right hand of the road leading to Uig.

After the consultations were held and the foregoing arrangements made, Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh rejoined the company, but the latter not for long. After a while he intimated that it was now time for him to be moving homewards, especially as it was necessary that he should order supplies for the troops, this being a matter that was under his supervision. With no further delay he took his departure, supplied by Lady Margaret with a bottle of wine, a glass and some biscuits for the refreshment of the Prince, who must have been by this time in a semi-famishing condition. The Prince, to whom Neil had disclosed the arrangements, was waiting longingly for Kingsburgh's appearance, and at last, seeing a flock of sheep that were at hand run off, he knew that he was at hand. "Are you," he said, "Macdonald of Kingsburgh?" The answer being in the affirmative, he gave him a warm greeting, at the same time saying, "Let us be jogging." But the needed refreshment must first be discussed, and, in the absence of a corkscrew, the neck of the bottle, as we are told, had to be broken. The wine and biscuits were partaken of on the top of a rock. All these proceedings must have taken several hours after the arrival of the voyagers at the bay of Kilbride. If, as we are afterwards told, the Prince and Kingsburgh arrived at their journey's end at 11 o'clock at night, it must have been well on to 9

o'clock before they started on their tramp, but, as it was little after midsummer, daylight lingered long. Flora had expressed a wish to accompany Kingsburgh, but as he was to walk, she waited until Lady Margaret provided her with a pony. The story of the Prince's awkwardness in the management of his skirts at the river of Uig has more than once been told. The people of the township through which they passed remarked about the long strides of the tall trollop of a woman that accompanied Kingsburgh, and were curious to know where he had picked her up. "She is an Irishwoman," was the reply, and has no Gaelic." At the same time he disposed of their curiosity with a mild reproof for talking about secular matters on Sunday. Charles' first error in dealing with his unwonted garments was to let his skirts trail through the water. His next was to lift them so high that a party of riders, consisting of some acquaintances of Flora Macdonald, and herself, who had foregathered with her on the way, and were crossing the Uig river at the moment, were struck with astonishment, not to say amusement, so that Neil called to him, "for God's sake to take care else he would discover himself." The riding party took the common road, but the pedestrians took a shorter path to the S.S.E., so that both arrived about the same time, the Prince and Kingsburgh travelling the seven miles in almost constant rain. Flora had parted with her company on the way.

The arrival of these travellers at that late hour caused no small stir among the inmates of Kingsburgh house. The goodman was not expected, and Mrs Macdonald had retired for the night. Kingsburgh went straight to his wife's apartment to tell her of the guest he had brought with him. The good lady did not disguise her pleasure at having the Prince under her roof, an event she had often desired, though not in such distressful circumstances, and she immediately dressed and roused her daughter Anne, Mrs Macalister, wife of Ranald Macalister of Skirinish, who, with her husband, was at the time staying at Kingsburgh. Mrs Macdonald was soon introduced to the Prince, while Anne took an active part in preparing for the entertainment of their royal guest. When the latter, carrying two lighted candles, entered the room in which Charles—still disguised as Betty Burke—was sitting, the Prince remarked to Flora, who had just arrived, that this was no servant, as servants in the Highlands did not usually wear silk, nor did she look like one in domestic service. Flora informed him that this was Mrs Macalister, a daughter of the house, whereupon Charles greeted her with a kiss, a form of salutation to which he seems to have been partial. While supper was prepared by the servants of the house, Mrs Macalister received it at the door, took it into the room, laid the cloth, and attended at the table. This rather distressed Charles, and he at once asked her to sit down with the rest at their midnight meal, and drew a chair

to the table. But the hostess told him that she must not sit down for any time, as no servant would be allowed to come into the room so long as he was in the house. During the meal the conversation turned upon the experiences of the travellers during the day, when the Prince remarked to Flora that she was much afraid when the Macleod militia were firing on them from the point. Flora's reply was that she was not without fear that danger might follow them where they were. Charles expressed the view that no Macleod would dare search a Macdonald house. He then spoke of his cudgel, which he called his "crab stick," which possessed a charm which kept him free of attack.

The after supper symposium, in which the Prince and his host took part, has been repeatedly told. Kingsburgh's hospitality was unstinted, and the punch bowl was more than once replenished, but prudence dictated a halt, and in a friendly struggle between the host and his royal visitor, the historic bowl got broken in two, but, as a memento of the visit, its broken parts were clasped together, and was long after in the possession of Colonel Macalister, Kingsburgh's grandson.

Charles' visit to Kingsburgh was a bright though brief episode in a sorely troubled time. The kindness of his entertainers, notwithstanding the great dangers it entailed; their anxiety to minister to his comfort and reduce the risk of discovery, might well rouse the better elements

in his nature. Before retiring for the night or morning a bath tub was provided for the travel-stained wanderer, at which Kingsburgh and the faithful Neil assisted, and he laid him down to rest in comfort to which for many a day he had been a stranger. Kingsburgh sat beside his bed till he fell asleep, nor did he wake from his slumbers until noon of the following day. Kingsburgh, whose own slumbers were unusually prolonged, felt that there should be no unnecessary delay in getting the Prince *en route* for Portree, where Donald Roy Macdonald was making arrangements for conveying him to Raasay. But intelligence was received that some of the Skye militia were seen on the Portree road, and it was deemed advisable to postpone the Prince's departure until a later hour in the evening, when his movements would be less under observation.

So far as can be gathered from the MSS., Charles did not entirely divest himself of his disguise until he retired to rest, but in the morning we are definitely told that he was supplied with a suit belonging to Mr Ranald Macalister, which fitted him perfectly. But he would not take the one first offered as it was too ornate, being adorned with plate buttons, and another less showy was substituted. It was, of course, a kilted suit of the period, but though it has been stated that coat, vest, and kilt were of the Macdonald tartan of the Isles, too little is known of the tartans worn by the Highland clans before the Unclothing Act to enable us to judge as to the

accuracy of this. Mr Macalister, to whom the suit belonged, was staying with his wife at Kingsburgh at the time of the Prince's visit. On his wife's retiring to their bed-chamber after ministering to the royal guest and his party, Mr Macalister, on learning who was in the house, got out of bed, dressed himself, leapt out of the window without exchanging a word with his wife, and betook himself to some neighbouring house until the coast was clear. Hanoverian in his political principles, he thus escaped being involved in the troubles which overtook his father-in-law, as he neither saw nor spoke to the Prince during the time of his visit.

Other incidents connected with these last hours at Kingsburgh bear recording. Lady Kingsburgh, as she was often called, and her daughter were anxious to secure a lock of the Prince's hair as a memento of his visit. Flora Macdonald was not present, being by this time on her way to Portree. The hair was cut by Mrs Macalister while the Prince's head rested on her mother's knee. The lines from Baroness Nairne's touching little poem, "The Auld Hoose," might have been written with greater historic truth in this connection than as originally applied:—

> "The leddy, too, sae genty,
> There sheltered Scotland's heir;
> And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
> Frae his long yellow hair."[1]

[1] See Life and Songs of Lady Nairne, with Memoir, &c. Ed. 1896.

The story of the silver snuff-box which the Prince received as a memento of his visit has been told more than once. The incident is not related in MS. 1, and MSS. 2 and 3 vary somewhat in their references. According to MS. 2 it was Kingsburgh himself who offered the gift, while Colonel Matthew's account (MS. 3) is to the effect that the Prince asked for a snuff out of Mrs Macdonald's[1] mull, whereupon it was offered and accepted as a souvenir. It bore a curious inscription, "Rob Gib's contract, stark love and kindness," and two hands clasped together were designed upon the lid.

It was considered unsafe that Charles should remain another night at Kingsburgh, as it was found that the boatmen, who had returned at once to Uist, had, under pressure, disclosed all the circumstances of their voyage across the Minch. Whether by their remaining longer in Skye the knowledge of the Prince's escape would have been delayed is very doubtful. It was not, however, till the late evening of the 30th June that preparations were made for his departure for Portree. As he was seen arriving in woman's clothing, he must needs leave Kingsburgh in similar guise. Mrs Macalister helped him on with his Betty Burke garments, a full description of which is given in No. 2 MS. The same authority states that this lady took his measure for a short dark coat, which was to be sent after him; Mr Mac-

[1] In those days it was not an uncommon thing for ladies to take snuff.

alister's he considered "too dressy" and likely to attract notice. Whether this intention was ever carried into effect we have no information, but in the circumstances it is extremely improbable. After a kindly, even affectionate farewell to the Kingsburgh ladies, Mr Macdonald led the Prince to a little hill below the house, behind which he was dressed in Mr Ranald Macalister's clothes, which consisted of a short coat, vest, and kilted plaid—not the ordinary philabeg. Kingsburgh also supplied him with a pair of new shoes of his own, of which Charles was much in need. Betty Burke's garments were hidden in the heart of a bush, but afterwards Kingsburgh brought them all to the house, with the exception of the brown cloak, which he buried in the shore. MS. 1 gives no particulars about what was done with the various articles, but in MS. 2 full details are given. Mrs Macdonald preserved the gown, of which she made a bed-cover; Flora Macdonald kept the apron; Mrs Macalister retained the gloves, and Kingsburgh the shoes. The old chamberlain preserved these shoes during the remaining twenty-seven years of his life, and after his death, it is said, they were sold to a zealous Jacobite, who paid twenty guineas for them.

There was a pathetic parting between the Prince and Kingsburgh, more like the parting of life-long friends than of acquaintances of yesterday. The Prince's nose bled, which happened, he said, when parting with dear friends. For both the future was dark: for the one, months of

wandering and hair-breadth escapes; for the other, possibilities of dire penalties; and after sad, even tearful farewells, each went upon his way. According to Colonel Macalister's account (MS. No. 3), the Prince was accompanied to Portree by Kingsburgh's herd boy, Macqueen to name, a boy of eleven, who acted as a guide, and also by Neil Mac Eachen, but the older accounts are quite clear in stating that Mac Eachen accompanied Flora Macdonald, who left earlier in the day, the reason given being that the Prince, accompanied only by a boy, would probably attract less attention.

Upon the Kingsburgh ladies the visit of Charles, brief though it was, made an indelible impression. No sooner had he left than Mrs Macdonald took the sheets off the bed in which he had slept, marked them, and laid them aside until they would be used as her winding sheet after she had passed away. According to MacGregor's Life of Flora,[1] she was present and divided the sheets with the Kingsbugh lady, her share to be used for the same purpose, and she always kept them in America and Skye until the end came. But for this there is not an atom of evidence. Flora was on her way to Portree when the Prince left, and our authorities leave no dubiety as to Mrs Macdonald having reserved the whole of the sheets to be used as already stated. Were it true that the division had been made, Flora would surely have mentioned the fact to Johnson and his

[1] Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie, 1882.

biographer in the course of their visit to Kingsburgh in 1773, especially as the former was sent to sleep in the very bed in which Charles had lain twenty-seven years before. In the statement embodied in the "Tour" which Boswell drew up, partly from Flora's recollections, there is no hint of it, and the idea may be dismissed as not history but fiction.

Charles and his young guide having trudged the fourteen long miles in heavy rain, the latter was sent on in advance to the inn, which was to be the place of rendezvous, to announce their arrival. There the Prince and his brave protectress met once more, while Donald Roy was at once recognised and warmly greeted with the words, "No ceremony here, Captain Macdonald," lest the usual loyal salutation might be overheard by outsiders. Calling for a drink, and receiving a large wooden pail, Charles looked at the primitive vessel in surprise, but Donald Roy, repeating the Prince's words and for the same purpose, said, "No ceremony here," and the drink was graciously accepted. The Prince was drenched to the skin, and had to change, Donald Roy insisting on giving him his own philabeg in room of *breacan an fheilidh* or the kilted plaid he had taken from Kingsburgh. After a much needed repast, the time was now come for the departure from Portree. Donald Roy having failed to get in touch with Macleod of Raasay, who was from home, one Malcolm Macleod, who had been in the Prince's army, was secured to convey him a

further stage in his wanderings. Charles was keen that Captain Macdonald should accompany them, but owing to his wounded foot, which was still unhealed, and his inability to travel except on horseback, rendering the party more conspicuous, this was highly inexpedient. The Prince spoke regretfully of not having a Macdonald with him to the end. MS. 1 says that Donald Roy accompanied him in the boat to Raasay, but Colonel Macalister's account that he parted with him at Portree seems more in accordance with the general evidence.

It was an historic moment. The Ettrick Shepherd has invested the parting of the Chevalier and his courageous escort with the halo of love and romance, but sentiment was alien to the situation. "The bonnie young Flora" had doubtless nobly accomplished her task, and quite unconsciously had taken a great place in history, but her task was imposed by an impulse of pure compassion rather than of political zeal or romantic enthusiasm, and she not only saved Charles from the snare of the Hanoverian fowler, but, incidentally, saved the British Government from the temptation of committing a political crime of the first magnitude.

Here, so far as our present purpose is concerned, the curtain is rung down upon the gloomy close of a thrilling but tragic drama.[1] The Prince's further wanderings through Skye and the mainland, and his narrow escapes from cap-

[1] For one or two post-Culloden incidents detailed in MS. No. 1, *vide* Appendix.

ture, as to which he proved himself a remarkable adept, until with some devoted friends he took ship from Lochnanuamh to the shores of France, do not fall within the compass of our scheme. Charles has been blamed, not without reason, for never having communicated afterwards with the friends to whom he owed life and liberty. The troubles of his after life might be pled in extenuation. He had looked hopefully forward, even after Culloden's dark day, to a reunion with his friends at St James', and bade them cherish the same hope. But the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which brought the war between Britain and the Continental Powers to an end, dashed these hopes for ever. For many years he was a wanderer, a despairing outcast without a country and without a home. His unwise enmity towards Lord George Murray, the one soldier of real talent in his staff, which he carried with him for long years into his exile, suggest a lack of magnanimity and a fundamental weakness of character. But the degradation and wrong-headedness wrought by intemperance, which gave a sinister bias to his nature, may well account for much. If his is a case for the historian's judgment, it is also and still more one for compassion. The record is a sad one. Look at this picture and on that: the brilliant Adventurer who charmed all hearts, and the soured man of later years, broken down by self-indulgence and disappointment, and the pathetic story stands out as almost unique among the sadder episodes of modern history.

Had his career ended on his ancestral soil it would have stood not so badly the judgment of history. If his leadership in war did not evince conspicuous talents, he had the power of inspiring devotion, and during the months of his wandering he displayed in no ordinary degree the qualities of pluck and endurance. Our estimate of what he was up to Culloden's fatal day could not be more worthily expressed than in those beautiful lines by Mr Andrew Lang :—

"Ah, my Prince, it were well—
Hadst thou to the gods been dear
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
With the war-pipe loud in thine ear!

To have died with never a stain
On the fair white Rose of Renown,
To have fallen, fighting in vain,
For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!

More than thy marble pile,
Were its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,
To the endless dirge of the sea!

But the fates deemed otherwise,
Far thou sleepest from home,
From the tears of the northern skies,
In the secular dust of Rome."

CAPTAIN ALLAN MACDONALD
OF KINGSBURGH
(Flora's husband).

FLORA MACDONALD.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRIENDS OF THE PRINCE

Flora Macdonald, name dear not only to the children of the Gael but to all who are proud of our Island story, was born at Milton, in South Uist, in 1722: the place-name is 'Airidh Mhuilinn,' or Mill Shieling. Her father, Ranald Macdonald, was tacksman of Balivanich and Milton, the former holding being part of the patrimony of the Benbecula family to which he belonged, while of the latter he received a life tenure from Clanranald in 1704. Ranald was the grandson of another Ranald, the first of the Benbecula line, and was the great-grandson of Allan, chief of Clanranald, who flourished c. 1600. Flora was a genuine daughter of the Isles. Not to speak of her Clanranald ancestry, her mother was a daughter of Mr Angus Macdonald, a scion of the Clan Uisdein of Sleat, who was known as the 'Ministear Laidear,' or Strong Minister, by reason of his powerful and stalwart physique. He served the Church as an Episcopal minister in the parishes of Gigha and South Uist successively. Flora's maternal grandmother was a daughter of the house of Largy, in Kintyre, cadets of Dunnyveg, and kindred to the Macdonalds of the Glens of Antrim. Ranald of Milton, who married somewhat late in life, died

while Flora was a child of three, and his widow married as her second husband Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, afterwards of Camuscross, in Skye, a fact which had a dominating influence upon the course of Prince Charles' fortunes. This Hugh Macdonald was the third son of Somerled of Sartle, fourth son of Sir James Macdonald, 2nd Bart. of Sleat. Before the '45 he had served as an officer in the French army, a fact suggestive of a secret sympathy with the Jacobite cause. During the Rebellion he became a captain of one of the Independent Companies, under his chief, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and was stationed at Benbecula at the time of the Prince's wanderings in the Long Island.

When Flora Macdonald emerges into the light of history she was in her 24th year. She may be said to have had two homes—one at Milton with her brother Angus, who had succeeded his father there, and the other with her mother and step-father at Armadale, where the latter was chamberlain for Sir Alexander in the barony of Sleat. But notwithstanding the bond with Armadale, Milton was the home of her heart. These Outer Isles, so wind-swept and, as some might say, so water-logged, are not without their charm, especially for the children they have nurtured. Though in some ways nature has been less kind to them than to other favoured lands, they possess a certain grandeur of their own. In their unrivalled sunsets, in the ever shifting scenery of their cloudland, and the swell of the unresting

sea, they possess unique and striking features. Their bards, ancient and modern, have sung their praises. John Mac Codrum, the North Uist bard, and a contemporary of the heroine, sang of it as the mavis of the Clan Donald :—

> A land that faces the ocean wild,
> But with summer sweetness mellow and mild;
> Green knolls with yellow sheaves are there,
> And snow is shy and frost is rare;
> With smiling machars by the sea,
> Where marigolds and daisies be:
> A land in all right fair to view,
> With well-girt lads of healthy hue.[1]

Flora loved her native isle, and for choice lived with her brother Angus, to whom she was warmly attached. We do not exactly know what educational facilities existed in South Uist at the time, but Flora got a good enough education according to the standards of the age. At Nunton, the home of her chief, whose family was educated by a resident tutor or governess, she is said to have received more than ordinary advantages, of which she made excellent use. She became a good player on the spinet, the predecessor of the modern pianoforte, and, having a sweet voice,[2] was a good singer of Gaelic songs. During her visits to her mother at Armadale she became intimate with Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald of Sleat, and in MacGregor's Life it is stated that

1 Professor Blackie's translation in the "Language and Literature of the Highlands."

2 Bishop Forbes.

these good friends paid for her education in a ladies' boarding school in Edinburgh. This does not harmonise with the statement made by Captain O'Neill to Bishop Forbes in the course of certain eulogistic remarks, in which he says that Flora had never been out of the islands of Uist and Skye till about a year before the Prince's arrival, when she paid a visit of ten or eleven months to her maternal relatives at Largy, in Kintyre. As, however, a good deal of doubt has been cast upon the worthy Captain's accuracy as a reporter of facts, too much credit should not be accorded to what he asserts. At the same time it is only right to say that we have come across no documentary evidence that Flora received any part of her education in Edinburgh. It would be quite in keeping with the generous friendliness of Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret Macdonald were it the case.

In the Sleat charter chest there are receipts for money paid by Sir Alexander in connection with the education of Allan—son of old Kingsburgh and his successor in after years—in Edinburgh, bearing date 1739, but there is no such evidence in regard to Flora, Allan's future wife. In a subject about which a marvellous amount of fiction has been purveyed as history, the statements of certain writers must be received with some reserve. That such a well-bred, cultured and educated lady should have issued from the outlandish Hebrides may have, in the opinion of the southerner, needed a special explanation.

The episode in Flora's life connected with the Prince's escape from Uist, covering the three days from 29th June to 1st July, and which won for her a place among the great heroines of history, need not here be repeated.

After Flora's parting with Charles at Portree, she set out by boat for the home of her mother and step-father at Armadale, where she seems to have remained undisturbed for over a week.[1] Meantime Captain Ferguson, raging at the escape of his quarry, was on the warpath, and in the course of eight days was tracking the movements of the Prince and his conductress through the Macdonald country. Fortunately for Flora, General Campbell was in command of operations in that particular locality, and after her capture he gave strict injunctions that she should be treated with all possible civility, provided with an apartment on board the 'Furnace,' Captain Ferguson's ship, and allowed a female attendant. She was also permitted, under escort, to go ashore and bid farewell to her mother and other friends at Armadale. Realising that further concealment was futile, and in appreciation of General Campbell's humane treatment, she disclosed to him the whole circumstances of the Prince's escape.

In the 'Furnace' the heroine was conveyed to Dunstaffnage Castle, near Oban, where she remained for some days, under the charge of

1 According to some accounts, she paid a visit to Uist in the interval between parting with the Prince and her arrest; but this, on the face of it, is highly improbable.

Neil Campbell, the governor. From thence she was taken to Leith Roads *via* Glasgow, where, on board the 'Bridgewater,' under Commander, afterwards Admiral Smith, she remained about three months.

On Flora's arrival at Leith Roads she found herself famous, no doubt to her own surprise. Numerous visitors called upon her, of all classes and professions. The aristocracy of the metropolis flocked to the 'Bridgewater,' and one enthusiastic lady of title was willing "to wipe her shoes." Among the more notable visitors was Bishop Forbes, who saw her several times, and received from her some interesting information, compiled, along with a quantity of other material, in the valuable, if not always reliable, "Lyon in Mourning." The modest, though affable and sweet tempered, girl from Uist must have found all this somewhat wearisome, and doubtless it was a relief when the weeks of waiting came to an end and the 'Bridgewater' weighed anchor and set sail for the Port of London.

On the arrival of the 'Bridgewater' at its destination, the prisoners were conveyed to the Tower, but public opinion was so strongly set against treating Flora like an ordinary prisoner that the usual stringency in her case was relaxed.

During her stay in London she lived in the house of one Mr Dick, a messenger-at-arms, and, though nominally a prisoner, enjoyed all the privileges of freedom. She received an amount of flattering attention from all ranks of society

in the Capital that would have turned half-a-dozen more volatile heads, but all through, as afterwards, she remained the same simple and unaffected, though quietly dignified girl, that had left the shores of Uist in the summer of 1746. The Act of Indemnity was passed in 1747, and before the end of that year the heroine and a number of her fellow prisoners were released. Her journey through Skye to her native Uist, we may well believe, was of the nature of a triumphal progress, with celebrations of her safe return, by festivities in the houses of her many friends in Skye. None would more warmly welcome her than Lady Margaret Macdonald, but though MacGregor, in his Life of Flora, waxes eloquent on the subject of Sir Alexander's generosity and hospitality at this time, the chief of Sleat was, alas! in his grave by the end of 1746.

In due time Flora arrived in South Uist, the island of her birth, and spent some quiet years with her brother Angus, varied by visits to her mother and other friends in the Hebrides, an unexciting time doubly welcome after the stirring and perilous experiences through which she had passed. It is somewhat startling, however, to find that a little over a year after her return—in 1749—she paid another visit to London, a visit as to which our authority is a letter from Neil Mac Eachen, written from Paris on 28th February of that year.[1] There is no direct evidence

[1] This letter is quoted at length in MacGregor's Life of Flora Macdonald.

from any other source, but that it took place cannot be gainsaid. It is very probable that this came about on the invitation of Lady Primrose, an ardent Jacobite, whose husband, Sir Archibald Primrose, had been executed at Carlisle in November, 1746. This lady had been Flora's best friend during her enforced sojourn in the Capital, and had in view the promotion of a money testimonial on her behalf. The fund was atcually raised and, according to Lord Mahon, amounted to £1500. Mr Croker, who published an edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson in 1831, has a letter of Flora's, dated at Kingsburgh, April 23, 1751, in which application is made by her for a sum of £627, as having been lodged by Lady Primrose for her behoof, with an intimation that her ladyship had it in view to add more. Neil Mac Eachen's letter[1] clearly suggests that it was some purpose favourable to her own interests that called our heroine back to London so soon, and no doubt the scheme would have been set afoot in 1749, though the financial results do not appear till two years later.

Flora's marriage with Allan of Kingsburgh, the older son of Alexander, the chamberlain, took place in November, 1750, at Flodigarry, a farm on the Macdonald estate of which Allan at the time was tenant, and was celebrated with the munificent hospitality characteristic of Highland weddings. There the happy couple lived for over twenty years, and there all their children were born. There are few more romantic or

[1] See MacGregor's Life, p. 124.

impressive scenes, situated as it is in the neighbourhood of far-famed Quirang, and with its fine outlook across the sea towards the Ross-shire hills.

Old Kingsburgh having, through age and infirmity, given up the office of chamberlain in 1763, his son Allan was appointed to the vacant office, but continued to reside at Flodigarry till his father's death in 1771, after which he, with his wife and family, took up his residence in the old home in 1772. It was there, the following year, that the historic visit was paid by Dr Johnson and his biographer. The gruff old lexicographer was charmed with his reception, and left on record the oft quoted remark: "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, with honour." Boswell describes Flora's husband also in flattering terms: "Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting 'the graceful mien and manly looks' which our popular Scottish song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black ribband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button holes, a bluish philabeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance."

Probably through an understanding with his hostess, the Doctor was put to sleep in the very bed[1] on which Prince Charles had lain on the night of his memorable visit to Kingsburgh in 1746, and, according to his biographer, he stated at breakfast next morning that "he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed." In the morning Boswell found on the bedroom table a slip of paper on which were written in the Doctor's hand the Latin words, "Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum," which Boswell rather happly renders :

"With virtue weighed what worthless trash is gold."

But for the Kingsburgh family hard times were immediately ahead. Their affairs had never properly recovered from the ruinous results of the old chamberlain's long imprisonment, and at the very time of Johnson's visit they had formed the resolution of seeking to repair their broken fortunes in the new world. In the month of August, 1774, Flora and her husband and family embarked on board the ship 'Balliol' and sailed for America from Campbeltown, in Kintyre. It was while crossing the Atlantic on this occasion, and not on her return years afterwards, as stated by the author of the Life, that the ship on which Flora sailed was attacked by a French privateer.

1 According to MacGregor, he slept in the very sheets in which the Prince had slept, and at his own request; but the Kingsburgh-Barr MS. is entirely at issue with this statement, and there is nothing to support it in the narrative drawn up by Boswell with Flora's aid.—*V.* Carruthers' edition of Boswell's Journal of the Tour, pp. 144-5.

The heroine refused to take shelter below, but stood bravely on deck encouraging the sailors in their conflict with the enemy, and that evidently with so much success that they were kept at bay and finally driven off. Flora's arm is said to have been broken in the course of the engagement.[1]

To North Carolina, whither they were bound, Flora's fame preceded her, and her countrymen, many of whom were settled in that colony, received her on her arrival with many expressions of enthusiasm. A piece of land, which they named Killiegray, was purchased, and there they resolved to settle, but the facts of history were otherwise directed, and they were not long in their new abode when Allan was drawn into the strife which was just beginning to break out between Britain and the North American colonists. A few notes regarding the military career of Flora's husband may not be irrelevant at this stage.

There are good grounds for the belief that Allan of Kingsburgh was not inexperienced in military matters before crossing to the new world. It is certainly not true that he was in any way involved in the troubles that came upon the family in consequence of the Prince's visit. In his Life of Flora Macdonald, MacGregor says: "On the same day on which the Prince left Kingsburgh House for Portree, the old gentle-

1 Luckily a young Skyeman, Kenneth Macdonald, who had studied surgery in Glasgow, was present, and was able to set the broken bone.

man, apprehending danger, crossed the hill to the east side of the Island, but his pursuer soon discovered him at a place called Lealt." Then he goes on: "Young Allan, however, managed all along to elude the researches of the Government officers and was never captured, though as active as any in the cause of the Prince." The writer at the same time contrasts Allan's action with that of Flora, who made no attempt to conceal herself. For all this there is no foundation whatsoever, and is entirely discounted by the available evidence. In a letter addressed by Lady Margaret Macdonald to the Lord President it is clearly enough shown that Allan at the time of the Prince's visit was a lieutenant in the Independent Company, commanded by Captain John Macdonald of Kirkibost, and was with his regiment at Fort Augustus, the headquarters of the Duke of Cumberland, and there is no indication, traditional or otherwise, that he was at all at or near Kingsburgh during that eventful time.

Lady Margaret's letter possesses a further interest. After the '45 it would appear that a number of young Skye gentlemen received commissions in a regiment that was being raised for the Dutch service. She refers to Captain Macdonald of Castleton and an ensign, Donald Macdonald, having been thus favoured, and pleads on behalf of Allan of Kingsburgh that he should be appointed to a company, though she admits that a prejudice might arise against his claim on account of the conduct of his father. Whether

Lady Margaret's friendly overtures on Allan's behalf were successful we have no means of knowing, but if he entered the Dutch service in 1747 he could not have continued there more than three years, as his marriage with Flora took place, as already stated, in November, 1750.

Lady Margaret's letter to the Lord President is as follows :—

From Lady Margaret Macdonald to the President dated from Mugstot 15 June 1747.

My Lord,

Your former goodness to many of Sir Alexander's friends, has made some of them at present put it upon me to mention them to your Lop. the Prospect of the Regiment to be soon raised for the Dutch Service has made some of our young people hope that it may be in your Lorsp's power to have them preferred to a Commission. In this view my Lord, I take the liberty to mention Lieut. Allan Macdonald, who I believe your Lop. may remember in Capt John McDonald's Company, I wou'd yet bring him more particularly to your remembrance by mentioning him by the title of Kingsbarrow's Son, I confess it is at this time an inconvenient Epethet, tho I hope with your Lop : it won't prove a stumbling block in the Road of his fortune.

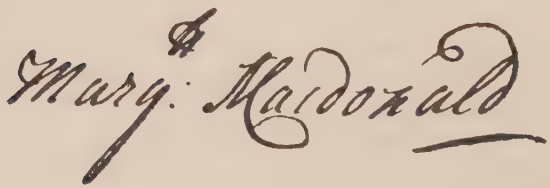
Capt : McDonald of Castletown, and Ensign Donald McDonald have already been obliged to McLeod's friendship, their unexpected good

luck in being so soon provided for, ought surely to satisfy me, but as I know the particular Regard Sir Alexr had for the young Gentleman, who throws himself under your Lop's Protection, and that I shall still believe your Lorsp. retains the same kind disspositions towards all his friends, or rather more, as they have nothing now to depend on, but the value then of your Lop's Judgment must always sit upon the memory of so worthy a man as your Late friend who I know on all occasions confided so entirely in your Lop. that I can't but looke on my self and the family he has Left, as being with much Sincerity and Gratitude,

My Lord,

you Lops

Ever obdt Servt



Allan took the side of the loyalists in the American War, and was presented with his commission as Captain of the 6th Company in the 2nd Battalion, whose headquarters were fixed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and was also appointed recruiting officer for the colony of North Carolina, to which so many of his countrymen had emigrated. So successful was he in this capacity that by January, 1776, the regiment had been

raised to its full strength, and arrangements were made to convey it to headquarters. Allan's second son, Alexander, was also provided with a commission. Major Donald Macdonald and Captain Donald Macleod were despatched from Canada to conduct the force to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The former was invested with full command, and Captain Allan was appointed to the post of Brigade Major. Their instructions were to march from Cross Creek to Brunswick, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, whence they were to embark for Halifax to join General Gage, who was awaiting reinforcements from England. The Highlanders of Carolina, 1500 strong, left Cross Creek bound for Brunswick in February, 1776. On the evening of the 27th February they arrived at Moore's Creek, where they were confronted with a peril which, whether anticipated or not, proved an unqualified disaster. Though they had to pass through a narrow and dangerous defile, and cross a bridge defended by artillery as well as by a force numerically superior to theirs, they determined to force their way through, sword in hand, as it was understood that the enemy had a wholesome terror of the Highland broadsword.

As night began to fall they moved forward to the attack, but on arriving at the bridge they discovered, to their consternation, that it had been so narrowed by the removal of some of the timbers that only a few men could cross at a time. The Highlanders persisted in the attack, but the

enemy, who had been in ambush, advanced in such overwhelming numbers that orders were given to retire. These orders were misunderstood by the portion of the loyalist force that had not attempted to cross, and as they continued to advance they blocked their comrades' retirement. Owing to the darkness and a consequent lack of co-ordination, great confusion ensued, and many of the Highlanders fell into the river and were drowned. Officers and men fought with great but unavailing gallantry, and Major Donald Macdonald, Captain Allan and his son, Lieutenant Alexander, were taken prisoners and incarcerated at Halifax, in Virginia. Many were killed in course of the engagement, but some of those who had not crossed the bridge found their way to Brunswick, from whence they were able to join the loyalist troops in Halifax of Nova Scotia.

The following year—1777—Allan and his son were liberated on an exchange of prisoners taking place, and on making their way to New York and reporting themselves to General Howe, Commander-in-Chief, Allan was appointed to a temporary command in that city. This he held till 1778, when he finally reached Halifax in Nova Scotia, the headquarters of his regiment. There he remained on duty for three years, as his wife in a published letter mentions having heard from him from Halifax. "I received a letter from Captain Macdonald, my husband," Flora's letter proceeds, "from Halifax, the 12th Nov. '81. He was then recovering his health, but had

been very tender for some time before. My son Charles is captain in the British Legion, and James a lieutenant in the same. They are both in New York. Ranald is Captain of Marines, and was with Rodney at the taking of St Eustati.''[1] A fortnight later Captain Allan refers, in a letter to Macdonald of Balranald,[2] to the work of harbour fortifications, busily carried on at the time in the expectation of being besieged the following spring. In 1782 Captain Allan was despatched with his company to Cape Breton to guard the entrance to Sydney harbour. In 1783 he returned to Halifax,[3] and in October the regiment was disbanded and the officers placed on half-pay, soon after which he returned to Scotland.

Meantime the years which had brought to Flora much anxiety on account of the war in which her husband and five sons were engaged, brought also an added burden of domestic bereavement. Two children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively 11 and 13, died during her residence at Killiegray, and were buried there. Their graves are still preserved in that remote land out of reverence for their illustrious mother. More bitter still was her cup of sorrow when the sea took toll of her gallant sons, and two of them,

1 MacGregor's Life of Flora Macdonald, p. 136.

2 *V.* Appendix to this vol.

3 According to MacGregor, Captain Allan Macdonald was in captivity until his release at the end of the war, the error arising from his confusing Halifax in Virginia with Halifax in Nova Scotia.

Ranald and Alexander, went down in the French prize-ship, the 'Ville de Paris,' in 1782.

In 1779 Flora returned to Scotland, accompanied by Anne, her married daughter, wife of Major Alexander Macleod, and her younger daughter, Fanny. We are unable to trace with absolute certainty where her settled home was during the years pending her husband's return. In the correspondence that has survived we find her in 1780 writing from Dunvegan, where her daughter, Mrs Major Macleod, and her young family were living at the time. It is on record that Major Macleod occupied Dunvegan Castle for some years, and 1780 may have been one of the years of his occupation, but, if this was the case, Flora does not mention the fact. In 1781 we find her at Kirkibost, in North Uist, at that time the residence of the widow of Alexander Macdonald — Alasdair Mac Dhomhnuill — late factor on the Macdonald estate in Uist. In 1782 we find her at her brother's house in her native Milton, on her way, as she tells Mrs Mackenzie of Delvin, to visit her daughter at Dunvegan at her expected confinement. There is a South Uist tradition that after Allan's return in 1784 he and his wife lived at Daliburgh, in the neighbourhood of Milton, and this may have been Flora's temporary home during the years of their separation. That Flora, who had only her younger daughter along with her, did not think it necessary to keep up an establishment may be gathered from a passage in her husband's letter from

Halifax to Donald Macdonald of Balranald: "I do think Flory judged right to take the world with as little trouble as possibly she can and her plan of liveing will be as comfortable as Sandy and honest Peggy Macleod can make it."

After Allan's return they went back to their old home, their beloved Kingsburgh, which they had left ten years before. It must have been during the few years of their earlier sojourn that the peasant minstrel of the Isles—John Mac Codrum—tuned his lyre to a eulogy of Allan, a fine tribute and doubtless well deserved. It was known among the people of Skye and Uist as "Oran Fir Chinnseborg," Kingsburgh's Song, but it is in the last two stanzas that the poet rises to a height of lyric enthusiasm when he speaks of the wife that Providence had bestowed upon his hero: —

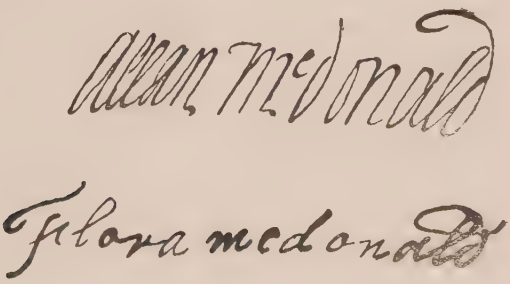
God sent to thee a worthy spouse,
Whose loyal deeds surpass
All women's acts in days of old,
Or until ages pass;
With regal nobleness she wrought
Achievements high and pure;
Gave lasting theme to coming times,
Whose memory shall endure.

No wonder though her nobleness
Inspired her in that cause;
The tree from which this branch was plucked
Was sound and without flaws:
Angus Og of waving flags
And Ranald Mor of might;
Well for their foes if they were safe
And scatheless in the fight.

Flora had her strenuous years; high adventure and the vicissitudes of fortune, and she had passed through the furnace of affliction; but through it all she possessed not only a brave and tranquil spirit, but the crowning grace of Christian piety, and her latter years were peaceful. She died after a short illness in 1790, in the 68th year of her age, and was buried in Kilmuir Churchyard. Her husband died two years later, and was laid to rest by her side.

What was Flora Macdonald like? We have several descriptions of her personal appearance from contemporary pens, none of which seems wide of the mark. There is a consensus of opinion that she was of middle stature, perhaps slightly under the middle size. Dr Johnson speaks of her as possessing "soft features, gentle manners, and an elegant presence." Boswell says: "She was of a gentle appearance and uncommonly mild and well bred." These views were expressed after she had passed her 50th year. General Campbell's reference to her as "a very pretty rebel" belongs to the time when she was in the flower of her age, when, apart from any mere regularity of feature, her aspect must have been singularly attractive. From Bishop Forbes alone we learn that her complexion was fair, but that prelate comes dangerously near to bathos when he says she was "well enough shaped," and when he regards it as a cause of wonder that she—who inherited the culture of many generations—behaved well at the tea table!

The portraits that have come down to us of the heroine are less in agreement than the cursory pen-and-ink sketches just referred to. If that by Allan Ramsay does not altogether depict the softness of feature or the personal elegance she was believed to possess, it is probably the most faithful in delineating character and expression. There is the fine full eye, the open and candid brow, and the mingled sweetness and gravity which were her undoubted characteristics. It need only be added that the three days' episode which has made her name immortal was not the mere reckless impulse of an hour, but the result of a supremely compassionate heart, a balanced judgment which weighed all the risks, and that serene courage and faith with which all her life long she faced its responsibilities and emergencies.



Signatures of Allan McDonald of Kingsburgh and his wife, Flora McDonald.

LADY MARGARET MACDONALD

In the late thirties of the 18th century anyone standing near the entrance of the old Assembly

Rooms in Edinburgh would on occasion see a bevy of eight splendid looking women, issuing from a long procession of sedan chairs, and proceeding to the place where the fair ladies whom Allan Ramsay and William Hamilton celebrated met "for the recreation of dancing with their toupeed and deep skirted beaux."[1] These were the Lady Susanna Kennedy, Dowager Countess of Eglinton, and her seven daughters, the 4th of whom, Lady Margaret, became the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. The mother of these ladies was a remarkable woman, both for her great beauty and lofty stature, as well as for her talents and accomplishments. That she must have had a dash of eccentricity as well, seems clear from the fact, that one of her hobbies, late in life, was the training and maintenance of a number of rats![2]

Lady Margaret Macdonald, whose marriage with Sir Alexander took place in, or shortly before, 1740, was a woman of great beauty, charm, and goodness of heart, as well as considerable mental gifts. She was certainly a loyal wife. The responsibility for the episode of what was known in the traditions of the Isles as 'Long nan daoine,' when numerous male natives of Skye were abducted and taken into exile, was by unfriendly critics fastened on Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat early in his married life. The chief being at the time absent from Skye, Lady Margaret wrote an indignant letter to Lord

1 Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh: Illustrated Ed., p. 43.
2 *Ibid*, p. 198.

Milton, Lord Chief Justice Clerk, repudiating the rumour as being entirely baseless.[1]

It is apparent, from the correspondence published in the Culloden Papers, that Lady Margaret's connivance at the Prince's escape from Skye was a cause of considerable anxiety both to herself and Sir Alexander as to their relations with the Government. She inherited strong Jacobite sympathies, both from her Montgomery and Kennedy ancestors, and during the Prince's wanderings found numerous opportunities of doing what was possible in ministering to his necessities and supplying him with such newspapers as would keep him abreast of the current news regarding the movements of his enemies. Her conduct in connection with the Prince's escape through Skye has been somewhat hardly judged. Dr Carruthers, editor of a valuable edition of Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, says: "In a letter to President Forbes the lady denied having seen the Pretender, but she must have repented having put on the 'fragile armour of untruth,' for the same packet contains a letter from her husband in which the facts of the case were correctly given."[2] There are ambiguities in Lady Margaret's letter,[3] but there was certainly no denial on her part of having seen the Prince. As a matter of fact she had not seen him, and Dr Carruthers is in error in suggesting

1 Culloden Papers.

2 Dr Carruthers' edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vol. III., p. 207.

3 Culloden Papers, 335.

that Sir Alexander in his letter to President Forbes, written at the same time and enclosed in the same packet, asserted that she had. The Kingsburgh-Barr MSS. are clear as to the fact that Lady Margaret never saw the Prince at all. Sir Alexander's letter, on the other hand, consisting as it does of second-hand information, is by no means accurate as to details.

Whatever Lady Margaret's anxiety of mind may have been in regard to the events of the summer of 1746, it was soon eclipsed by the sad bereavement she suffered in the death of her husband on 23rd November of that year. At Bernera of Glenelg, where he was on his way to London to pay his respects to King George and, incidentally no doubt, intercede for the liberation of his friend and chamberlain, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, he was seized with an acute attack of sickness, which terminated fatally in four days. Sir Alexander passed away at the early age of thirty-three. Left early a widow, Lady Margaret devoted herself to the upbringing and education of her three boys and the management of her husband's extensive estates, duties which she discharged with great capacity and devotion. As the heir was only five years of age at his father's death, the minority was a long one, and she was aided in her onerous duties by several family friends of standing and experience.

Lady Margaret was a woman greatly beloved in the land of her adoption. In 1779 she seems to have met Dr Samuel Johnson in London, and

one of the sage's remarks to her was : " Madam, when I was in the Isle of Skye I heard of the people running to take stones off the road lest Lady Margaret's horse should stumble." A story is told by Dr Carruthers in a note to his edition of Johnson's Tour which is at once a tribute to her beauty and charm.

" Lady Margaret, in one of her journeys from Skye, had crossed the Kyle attended by her servants and escorted by a number of the Skye gentlemen on horseback. When they reached the summit of one of the mountains of the mainland, the cavalcade dismounted to rest near a summer shieling, from which a comely young wife came out to offer the party such refreshment as her temporary abode afforded, being only curds and cream. The toil of the ascent and the heat of the day made the simple food highly palatable, and Lady Margaret desired that her entertainer should approach to receive her thanks personally for her hospitality. The woman, however, understood no English, and Lady Margaret, who was struck with her good looks, said to one of her train, ' Tell her that I thank her for her entertainment, and that I have not seen such a pretty face for a long time.' ' Does her ladyship say so?' was the reply; ' then it must have been a long time since she looked into her own mirror.' "

As the heir of Sleat grew up to manhood he bade fair to excel the most noble of his line in qualities of head and heart. The testimony of

the friends of his manhood depicts him, not only as a young man of the most amiable character, but as in point of intellect and scholarship the most remarkable Scotsman of his time. He was the pride and joy of his mother's heart, but the shadow fell upon his early prime. In 1766 he died at Rome after a painful illness, and his two last letters to his mother, which Boswell got from Lady Margaret and which were printed in his "Tour," published in 1785, manifest a rare combination of tenderness of heart and strength of mind. In the letter written the night before his death he prepares Lady Macdonald for the end that was rapidly approaching. "In case of the worst," he goes on, "the Abbe Grant will be my executor in this part of the world, and Mr Mackenzie in Scotland, where my object has been to make you and my younger brother as independent of the older as possible." Two years later, in the Parish Church of Sleat, Lady Margaret had a monument erected, on which a beautiful tribute, composed by Lord Lyttleton, was inscribed. Her own deep love and sorrow are expressed in the concluding words: "In testimony of her love, and as the best return she can make for the constant tenderness and affection which even to his last moments he showed for her, his much afflicted mother, The Lady Margaret Macdonald, daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, erected this monument, A.D. 1768."

Sir James is said to have extracted a promise from his mother that not a page he had written

LADY MARGARET MACDONALD OF SLEAT.

should be preserved, a promise deemed sacred and rigidly adhered to, and so his papers were all buried in his coffin in Rome. The younger brother, to whom Sir James refers in the last letter he wrote, was Archibald, who became the founder of the family of East Sheen, now extinct, He had a distinguished political career, and eventually became Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The oldest brother, Alexander, became the first Lord Macdonald. After Sir James' death, Lady Macdonald led a quiet life, her later years being spent in London, where she died on 30th March, 1799.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD OF KINGSBURGH

Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who befriended Prince Charles, was a descendant of Donald Gruamach Macdonald, 4th Baron of Sleat, through James of Castle Camus, the chief's younger son. Donald Gorm, the 5th Baron, having been killed at Ellandonan, his son and successor, Donald Gormeson, who was a child at the time, was for many years brought up under the guardianship of James of Castle Camus—Seumas a' Chaisteil, as he was called. James's descendants included several distinguished warriors, his grandson, Domhnull Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais, the hero of the battle of Carinish, being the most famous of the line. Alexander of Kingsburgh was the great-grandson of this redoubtable hero of many a hard fought conflict.

From 1718 he was chamberlain for the Macdonald estate of Troternish, a position which he occupied at the time of the Prince's visit to Kingsburgh in 1746. During 1745 he is said to have commanded five of the Independent Companies recruited for the Government service, under the leadership of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who served under General Loudon, but after Culloden he was sent back to Skye to look after the affairs of the estate during the troubles of that year. Though rendering an outward allegiance to King George, his loyalty was lukewarm, or even cold, and proved, by sheltering and protecting the fugitive heir of the Stuarts, that he was at heart a real Jacobite. Kingsburgh was soon arrested, but, by General Campbell's orders, was allowed to proceed unguarded to Fort Augustus, where the Duke of Cumberland had his headquarters. There, however, he received very rough treatment, was plundered of all his personal belongings, thrown into a dungeon and loaded with irons. When it was remarked to him that he had lost a grand opportunity of advancing the interests of his family, his reply was that mountains of gold and silver would never give him the satisfaction that he derived from what he had actually done. Two other incidents occurred while he was at Fort Augustus that are recorded in the Kingsburgh MSS. An order came for the release of Alexander Macdonald, and Kingsburgh being the only one of that name, he was set at liberty. He had hardly reached the parade,

where he found Sir Alexander and other gentlemen, when a cry was raised that that rascal Alexander Macdonald had been released by mistake. "I am that Rascal," said Kingsburgh, upon which he was re-conducted to prison. While he was in prison at Fort Augustus "an officer of distinction came and asked him if he would know the Pretender's head if he saw it. Kingsburgh said he would know the head very well if it were on the shoulders. But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should know it in that case? In that case, answered Kingsburgh, I will not pretend to know anything about it. So no head was brought him."[1]

It would have gone hard with Kingsburgh's chances of life were it not for the strong influence that was exerted on his behalf. The Culloden Papers bear ample testimony to this effect. Duncan Forbes, the Lord President of the Court of Session, was urged by Sir Alexander Macdonald and his lady, and, after Sir Alexander's death, by Donald Macdonald of Castleton, to intercede on Kingsburgh's behalf. The matter became more urgent when Sir Alexander died, and the Lord President submitted the case for pardon with great force and skill. He advised the Government to exercise clemency, on the ground that to administer the last penalty would alienate a clan that not long since had been won from disaffection, whereas mercy would result in

1 See Appendices B (3) and C.

confirming their allegiance. The President declares his willingness to go bail for Kingsburgh's future conduct in the event of his liberation. The late Sir Alexander had kept his clan from rising, and Kingsburgh's pardon would be an equitable recompense, as his knowledge and experience as to the affairs of the estate were essential for their proper conduct. These representations were successful. Kingsburgh had been removed from Fort Augustus to Edinburgh Castle in the early days of his captivity, where he remained in confinement for well-nigh a year, but, after the Act of Grace was passed, he was set at liberty on 4th July, 1747. He lived many years after the events of 1746, retiring from public duty in 1765, and his death taking place on 13th February, 1772.

At the time of Kingsburgh's retirement, Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, the "Scottish Marcellus," in token of regard for his character and services, settled an annuity on him for life of £50 per annum, this being secured by a bond on his property. Boswell, in his account of Johnson's Tour, saw this bond at Kingsburgh, in the possession of James Macdonald, tacksman of Cnocowe, old Kingsburgh's younger son, he being at the time on a visit to his brother Allan, Flora Macdonald's husband. Boswell justly remarks that the preamble to this bond "does much credit to the feelings of that much lamented gentleman." It runs:—"I, Sir James Macdonald of Macdonald, Baronet, now after arriving at my perfect

age, from the friendship I bear to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and in return for the long and faithful services done and performed by him to my deceased father and to myself during my minority, when he was one of my tutors and curators, being resolved now that the said Alexander Macdonald is advanced in years, to contribute my endavours for making his old age placid and comfortable," then follows the grant of £50. At the time of Kingsburgh's death there was a year's annuity due for 1771, and it would appear that Sir Alexander Macdonald, Sir James's brother and successor, for some reason, either delayed or refused payment, for James Macdonald of Cnocowe obtained Decreet for the amount, with interest and expenses, before the Sheriff-Substitute of Inverness. Of this Decreet Sir Alexander obtained suspension, but on 6th July, 1774, the Decreet was confirmed in the Court of Session before Lord Hailes.

Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh's record is that of a man of great integrity and of great courage. In sheltering the Prince he counted the cost, and in view of the temper of those in power at the time, knew he was risking his life. When his daughter, Mrs Macalister, said, "What if a party comes to the house before he (the Prince) leaves?" his answer was, "If they should, what signifies this grey head of mine should go a few years before the time comes?" It would have been the more prudent course to leave the Prince to his fate, but thereby Kings-

burgh would have won an execrated name, instead of one of which it can truly be said that it has left a fragrance better than precious ointment.

KINGSBURGH'S SIGNATURE.

Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, who acted a not inconsiderable part in efforts to help the Prince's escape, was the youngest son of Ranald of Baleshare, part of Illeray, one of the tidal islands of the North Uist group. His father, Ranald of Baleshare, was a son of Sir James Macdonald, 2nd Baronet of Sleat, with a bar sinister, and his older brother, Hugh, who succeeded his father at Baleshare, was captain of one of the Independent Companies of the Macdonalds of Skye, but all the time a secret sympathiser with the Jacobite cause. His statement to Bishop Forbes is one of the most interesting in the collection.

Donald Roy did not conceal where his political sympathies lay, he and James Macdonald, of the Heiskir family, being the only two gentlemen of Sir Alexander's following who espoused the fortunes of the Prince. When Charles landed in Scotland, Donald was staying with Sir Alexander at Mugstot awaiting developments, as it was known that the Prince was on his way, but the attitude of the big men of Skye was an unknown quantity. The chief of Sleat was

undecided, and was awaiting letters from Macleod as to the course he was to adopt in the crisis. This soon became clear, and the scale went down in favour of supporting the Government. Donald Roy, who had been waiting for a decisive issue, took his leave of Sir Alexander, and, it is said, with his consent entered the Keppoch regiment as a volunteer, receiving a lieutenant's rank and pay. After the battle of Falkirk young Clanranald made him a captain in his own regiment, but it appears from his Latin ode to his wounded foot that he was beside the gallant chief of Keppoch when he fell on Culloden's fatal field.[1] Though suffering from the wound in his foot, he was able to walk to Bunchrew, a distance of five miles, whence, having secured a horse, he rode to Kyle of Lochalsh, and, crossing the ferry, made his way to the residence of Dr Maclean, the last of a long line of hereditary physicians, who lived at Shulista. There he received surgical treatment for several weeks.

During the Prince's stay at Corodale in South Uist he was visited by Hugh of Baleshare, Donald Roy's brother, and through him, probably, the scheme for conveying Charles to Fladda Chuain, a small island about six miles from the main isle of Skye, was concocted. Through the hands of Donald Roy, a consignment of shirts, blankets, clothes and papers was sent for the Prince's use, had he found his way thither, but, as already observed, this scheme was abandoned. On the Prince's arrival in Skye under Flora Macdonald's

1 See Appendix F.

escort, Donald Roy was immediately sent for by Lady Margaret, and he it was who made the arrangements for having him taken to Raasay. He remained for some time in Skye after the Prince passed through, but though his whereabouts were well known to the Skye officers, particularly to Captain Alexander Macleod of Balmeanach, who met Flora at Mugstot, he does not appear to have been molested.

After the troubles consequent on the '45 had subsided, Donald returned to his native Uist, where he took up the pursuit of farming, having received from Sir James Macdonald's tutors a tack of the lands of Kyles Bernera, in the north end of the island. With this he combined the conduct of a school, a task for which, as an accomplished classical scholar, he was well equipped. His Latin ode to his wounded foot, and another similar one on Culloden, betoken considerable scholastic attainments. During his retirement at Shulista he refers to his perusal of several books, especially what was apparently Homer's Iliad, evidence of his knowledge of the Greek classics. Many of the young people of the upper classes in Uist in those days are said to have resorted to his school.

Captain Donald Roy Macdonald's Signature.

Neil Macdonald, or Mac Eachen, according to his tribal patronymic, was of the Mac Eachens of Howbeg, a small farm, now a crofter township in the middle district of South Uist. The Mac Eachens were a branch of the Clanranald, and were so called owing to their descent from Hector, or Eachen, 2nd son of Roderick, 3rd chief of that branch. Neil was the second of four sons of Alexander Mac Eachen, who had a tack of the lands of Howbeg, as well as of Glenuig, on the mainland, both on the Clanranald territory.

Neil, who was born in 1719, was educated for the priesthood in the Scottish College of Douai, but finally abandoned all thought of the clerical profession. When young Clanranald went for his education to St Germains, Neil accompanied him in the capacity of tutor, his knowledge of French making him a suitable guide and preceptor, and they had not long returned from France when Charles landed at Eriskay. Neil also acted as tutor to the younger members of the Clanranald family, but there does not seem much ground for the statement that he was parochial schoolmaster of South Uist; his not being a Protestant would seem to bar his admission to that office. Old Clanranald attached him to the Prince when he was hiding in South Uist, as his superior education made him a pleasing and intelligent associate. He first met the Prince on his arrival in Benbecula from the mainland, but did not accompany him on his journey to Harris and Lewis. On his return, however, he was

continually in the Prince's company during his stay at Corodale, and his knowledge of the country during his movements by land and sea were supremely helpful.

The account of the Prince's wanderings in the Hebrides, and published by the Scottish History Society in the "Origins of the 'Forty-five," are rightly attributed to Neil Mac Eachen, and in regard to matters coming under his own observation is a document of first class importance. This narrative was first published in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1840, and Theodore Hook, the editor, prefaced the article with a note to the effect that the MS. was bought from a hairdresser in Paris, who claimed to be Neil's son. But Neil had no son by his marriage who survived infancy, except the Marshal, and the inference might be hazarded that a youthful indiscretion on his part when in France may have debarred him from taking holy orders. To this it may be added that the traditions of South Uist give this explanation of a fact which is otherwise difficult to account for.

Neil was well acquainted with Flora Macdonald, whom he addresses in terms of intimacy in some letters that have survived. He accompanied the Prince and his fair conductress from Roshinish to Skye, and bade the former farewell at Portree. He succeeded in evading capture after the Prince's escape from Skye, but did not, as stated by Blaikie in the "Origins," accompany him to France on board the ship 'L'Henreuse.'

His movements after Charles' departure are not very clear, but, according to MacGregor, he was in confinement until 1747, when, after the Act of Indemnity was passed, he followed the Prince to France. There he joined the French army as a lieutenant in the Scots Regiment, of which the command was given to Cameron of Lochiel, and afterwards in the Scots Regiment of Lord Ogilvy, another Jacobite exile. Ogilvy's regiment was disbanded after the Peace of Paris in 1763, and Neil passed the rest of his life, first in Sedan, and afterwards in the small town of Sancerre, in the Province of Berry, where he died in 1788, during which period he enjoyed a small pension of £30 from the French Government.

Neil married a penniless French girl, the daughter of an army officer, by whom he had, among other children, the famous Marshal Macdonald, afterwards advanced by Napoleon to the dignity of Duke of Tarentum. His married life was not too happy. His wife was a short-tempered rattle, and some years before his death they separated by mutual consent. He is said to have been a good linguist and an accomplished player on the violin. He never ceased to cherish the memory of his native land, and was wont to speak of Howbeg and the salmon river, whose waters flowed past the home of his boyhood, with warm affection. When Marshal Macdonald visited his relations in South Uist in 1825, on coming in sight of the river near which his father was born, he raised his arm and exclaimed,

"That is the river of Hough. I know it from my father's description. Many a salmon my father killed there." He took earth with him from the floor of the house in which his father was born, and by his orders it was placed in his coffin when he died. Many waters cannot drown the fire of patriotic ardour, which survives even in the hearts of those whose eyes have never beheld the ancestral soil.

Captain John Mackinnon, or Colonel, as he is styled in the Glenbarr MS., known as 'Iain Dubh,' was chief of the clan, and joined the Prince in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, at the head of 120 men, on the 13th October, 1745. He was at this time advanced in years, having been out in 1715, and suffering forfeiture for his share in that brief and inconclusive campaign. Despite his years, he proved himself a vigorous and fearless supporter of the cause, and, after Culloden, made every effort to secure the Prince's safety. While seeking to elude Hanoverian pursuers who were hot upon his track, he took refuge in a bothy where Macdonald of Morar and his family lay in hiding after their house had been destroyed by Cumberland's troopers. Before he could return home, he was captured by one Lachlan MacNeil, described as the 'Surveier,' "who robbed him of his watch and money, put him on board an English ship and carried him to London." He lay in Tilbury Fort for a year, but, after the Act of Indemnity, was liberated,

and is said to have returned to Skye in the company of Flora Macdonald. Old Mackinnon was a man of reckless daring, and a Jacobite to his heart's core, while he seems to have possessed a vein of rough humour, which proved a source of amusement to Government officials with whom he came in contact. No fear of punishment deterred him from avowing his political principles in the most open and emphatic fashion. From his place of confinement he "used to write letters to the first people in the Administration which would have hanged a score, proving the justice of the cause he was engaged in, and referring to themselves that his man (the Prince) had the best right to the crown." Fortunately for himself, there were those in power to whom these outpourings were a source of entertainment rather than a cause of political indignation. The members of the nobility with whom he corresponded loved to pass a night in his company, and one of them is reported to have said on the eve of his return to Scotland, "Sir, are not you very much obliged to his Majesty for sending you home to your own country after being three times in rebellion?" "That is all true, my Lord," said Mackinnon, "and if I had it in my power I would send his Majesty home to his own country safe and sound." The statement of his interviewer seems to indicate that he was out under Dundee in 1689 as well as in 1715 and 1745. Before his exploits in the '45 he had married a daughter of Macleod of Raasay and had two sons, through

the elder of whom, Charles, the chiefship to the Clan Mackinnon was carried on.

Some of Prince Charles' best friends were, as history proves, to be found on the side opposed to him. Of these, one of the most notable was Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, known among the Long Islanders as 'Alasdair Mor nam Mart,' from his possession of large herds of cattle in which he largely dealt. He was a son of Donald Macdonald of Benbecula and 16th of Clanranald, by Margaret, daughter of George Mackenzie of Kildun, a son of the Earl of Seaforth. He was thus a step-brother of Clanranald who flourished at the '45. Alexander, probably owing to a Protestant mother, was brought up in that persuasion, of which he proved himself a stalwart champion. Among other lands he received from his brother of Clanranald the lands of Boisdale, Smerklet, Kilbride, Eriskay and Lingay, first in the form of a tack for 499 years, but afterwards by a feu charter.

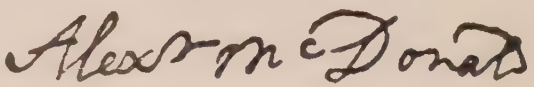
Politically, Boisdale was opposed to the '45 Rising, especially if not backed by adequate forces, and used all his endeavours to dissuade Charles from persisting in the attempt. His residence at Kilbride was not more than a couple of miles by sea from Eriskay, where the Prince first landed, and a message asking him to join the enterprise was not long of reaching him. Charles told him of the assurances he had received from Macleod of Macleod, and the well known Jacobite

leanings of the chief of Sleat might be confidently expected to take the same direction. Boisdale, who knew how the land lay, expressed grave fears as to the value of these assurances and expectations, and the event too surely proved that his apprehensions were well founded. Notwithstanding all this, in the day of disaster, when Charles was a fugitive in the hills of Uist, Boisdale visited him more than once, and provided him with the things he needed most. When danger threatened the Prince on very hand, he proved himself a friend indeed. It evidently came to the ears of the Government officials that Boisdale had been visiting Charles at Corodale, and when things were about their worst there came the news of his arrest.

Boisdale's principles in Church and State were too well known to permit of serious or prolonged consequences. The Presbytery of Uist, at a meeting at Kilbride, gave evidence in a long memorial to Government, which in due course resulted in his release, though the date of his return from captivity in London is not very clearly defined. His kindness to the Prince, despite his political principles, will always remain as a tribute to the breadth of his humanity and his kindness of heart.

For the house in which Alexander of Boisdale resided, another house, more modern and commodious, was substituted in the time of Colin, his oldest son and successor. This was after Alexander's death, which took place in 1768. The

modern house of Kilbride was demolished within recent times for the construction of crofters' houses when the farm was divided into small holdings. John Mac Codrum, Sir James Macdonald's bard, composed a poem, entitled "The Blessing of Boisdale's House," which celebrated its completion, the first three verses being laudatory of old Boisdale, recently departed, the rest being in the main a eulogy upon his successor. With the exception of two verses, one of which is fragmentary, the other of doubtful meaning, an English version of the poem will be found in the appendix.



MacDonald of Boisdale's Signature.

Of those who befriended Prince Charles in the days of his adversity there was none more devoted or faithful in his allegiance, as there was none braver, than Donald Macleod of Gualtrigill, the good old 'Palinurus' who steered the boat that bore the Prince from imminent peril to temporary safety. He has been frequently mentioned in the course of previous chapters, but he deserves a prominent place in the gallery of sketches which is here presented of the Prince's friends. A native of the parish of Duirinish in Skye, his home was situated near the Snod—the old name of Dunvegan Head, and in the neighbourhood of Boreraig, where the college of the

[1] Appendix No. XI.

MacCrimmon pipers stood for ages under the patronage of the Dunvegan chiefs. When he first comes before us he is well advanced in years, but, judging by his strenuous labours in the Prince's cause, "his eye was not dim, nor was his natural force abated."

The first scene in Donald's career of which we know anything occurred in the town of Inverness, where he was waiting to ship a cargo of meal for the people of Skye. Delayed by stress of weather, his stay in the Capital of the Highlands was more prolonged than he intended. Lord Loudon, the Hanoverian commander, and his men were stationed in the vicinity, but hearing that the Highland army was marching towards the town, they lost no time in seeking other quarters. In the course of his perambulations he met the Laird of Macleod, who urged him to leave Inverness to avoid capture by the insurgents, but Donald had no fear of ill-usage even if he was taken, as he was, to use his own words, "a poor auld man." While they continued to discuss the matter, the pipes of the Highland host were heard in the near distance, and the Macleod chief at once took to his heels. Soon after—probably the same day—he was taken prisoner by some Macdonalds of Glencoe, who demanded his sword, but the old Laird of Mackinnon, who happened to be at hand, intervened, and assured them of Donald's honesty, and offered to go bail for him. Upon this he was allowed to retain his trusty claymore, which, he said to Bishop Forbes,

"I was unco unwilling to part with, for it was a piece of very good stuff."[1] This was in the month of March, 1746, and the following April we find him still in Inverness, apparently on good terms with the occupying army, in which he had many friends, and no doubt having his sympathy with the Jacobite cause deepened and strengthened. Early in April, Aeneas Macdonald, Kinlochmoidart's brother and a Paris banker, was ordered by the Prince to convey from Barra a sum of money, amounting to about £380, which had been landed there the previous December. Knowing that Donald was intimately acquainted with the storm-swept islands of the western sea, he chose him to be his guide on a mission which at the time was particularly hazardous, swarming as the ocean was with "sloops of war, boats and yawls full of militia." To get safely to Barra and back the utmost caution had to be used, and were it not for the skill and watchfulness of the old pilot, success would have been well-nigh impossible. Having secured the treasure on board ship they sped on their way, by a circuitous route, first making for Canna, then for Eigg, and finally, having run the gauntlet of many a hostile craft, they landed with the gold at Kinlochmoidart. The fact that the notorious Ferguson was at the time in Barra, and aware that Donald was on the coast, rendered the situation all the more dangerous.

[1] Chambers' Memories of the Rebellion, p. 378.

Aeneas Macdonald and Donald Macleod had not returned from fulfilling their errand more than a few days, and were about to set out for Inverness, when a letter was received from the Prince with news of the Culloden disaster. The Prince at the same time asked Aeneas Macdonald to meet him at Borrodale, in the neighbourhood of which he was lurking at the time, and apparently, as a result of this interview, Donald was summoned forthwith to meet the Prince. The details of that meeting are too well known to need verbatim repetition. Donald had definitely and openly committed himself to the Jacobite cause, and, as Charles had thrown himself upon his mercy, was ready with the utmost goodwill to do all in his power to secure his safety, though at first he asked pathetically what could he, a poor old man, do, who could do very little for himself? There was one thing he flatly refused to do, and that was to take letters from the Prince to Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod, asking for their protection, men who at the moment were in the service of his inveterate foe. That Donald was deeply touched by the interview was shown when he gave the facts to Bishop Forbes with the tears running down his cheeks: "Wha the deil," he said, "could help greeting when speaking on such a sad subject?" No time was lost in making arrangements for the Prince's removal to the Isles which were eventually fixed on as a temporary asylum. From Lochnanuamh, where in 1745 he landed in the first flush of his enthusiasm, he now set forth as a hunted fugitive.

We pass on to the abortive visit to Stornoway,[1] and that merely to remark that it was no lack of caution or act of folly on Macleod's part that led to its failure. Captain O'Neill, whose narrative in many of its details is quite unreliable, both as to what it tells and fails to tell, bluntly declares that Donald got drunk in Stornoway, and in his inebriety disclosed the inwardness of the episode. Of this libel there seems no evidence at all. The letter from the minister of South Uist to his father in Harris, and the message thence to Mr Colin Mackenzie, minister of Lochs—14 miles from Stornoway—all this was quite sufficient in itself to upset the scheme, and neither ship, crew, nor pilot could be secured. The fable had been circulated that the Prince had arrived with 500 men, and Donald, after conducting himself and his companions to Kildun House and returning to Stornoway, found the town in a ferment, 200 men under arms, and the gentlemen of the district assembled as officers in command. Donald had to admit the fact of Charles' arrival, but instead of 500 men he had, he said, but two or three followers. "And yet," said the brave old fellow, "let me tell you further, gentlemen, if Seaforth himself were here, by G— he durst not put a hand to the Prince's breast." It is something to the credit of the people of Stornoway that, although they would afford no facilities for escape, there was no attempt made to interfere with the Prince's liberty.

[1] The details of the voyage from Lochnanuamh to Roshinish are given elsewhere.

During the tedious and dangerous voyage back to Benbecula, Macleod was Charles' constant companion and guide, and finally saw him settled at Corrodale, the place chosen for a temporary retreat. Charles naturally longed for news as to matters on the mainland, and, being in need of money and creature comforts, dispatched Donald, accompanied by his son Murdoch, with letters to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, requesting information and a cash remittance, as well as a supply of brandy. Donald, having accomplished the journey, met these two at the head of Loch Arkaig, but Murray's reply to the request for money was that he had none to spare, having only 60 louis-d'ors, which he had to keep for his own use. The messenger returned to Corrodale after an absence of 18 days, having somehow secured two ankers of brandy at a guinea each, but without the cash. Why no money was forthcoming is not too easy to explain. There was abundance at Loch Arkaig, but it would almost appear as if that root of so much future evil was beginning already to produce a sinister harvest.

After many vicissitudes the day of parting came by the shore of Lochboisdale. Such safety as was possible could only be secured by the members of the party going separate ways. The farewell was sad, and Donald, whose heart was as soft as his soul was brave, wept bitterly. On 5th July he was taken prisoner in Benbecula by Lieut. Allan Macdonald of Knock. Donald was

taken first to Barra, thence to Portree, and afterwards to Applecross Bay in Captain Ferguson's sloop. There he was closely examined by General Campbell, who commanded the Argyllshire Militia, a man whose humane conduct deserves honourable mention at a time when heartless cruelty, murder and rapine stalked unashamed through the land. Barrisdale's machine, with which he tortured thieves, was in evidence, but there was no need for such an expedient to get the truth from Donald, nor would he admit that the £30,000 which it had been in his power to earn could ever have been anything but a source of misery and remorse.

The condition in which the Jacobite prisoners were kept on board ship during the greater part of a year were horrible beyond description, and a recent writer on the subject has referred to them, without exaggeration, as "the blackest page in British history."[1] Hundreds of prisoners died, and though Donald survived these atrocities, there is little doubt but they shortened his days. After leaving his unsavoury quarters in the ship, lodgings were found for him in a messenger's house in London, but by this time public opinion had awakened to the unspeakably harsh treatment meted out to the unfortunate prisoners, and Donald, with others, was soon liberated. His release took place on 10th June, which was by a coincidence the birthday of the old Chevalier. After his liberation Donald became the hero of

[1] The Prince's Pilot, by Evan Barron, p. 141.

the hour, just as Flora Macdonald was the heroine. While in London he was feted and feasted, and often had the tale of his adventures to be told, not too willingly by Donald, who, though he could express himself intelligently in English, was only at home in his native Gaelic. He experienced special kindness at the hands of John Walkinshaw, a worthy Scotsman, who presented him with a remarkable snuffbox, specially made and significantly ornamented. A full description is given of it in the Jacobite Memoirs. An octagon-oval, three inches and three-fourths in length, upon its lid was a representation of an eight-oared boat with Donald at the helm and the eight rowers making their way through a rough and tempestuous sea. The Long Island appears in the distance upon one of the extremities of the lid, and the boat is seen entering Roshinish, where Charles arrived from Lochnanuamh. On the other end of the lid was a landscape of the end of Skye as it appears opposite to the Long Island. Above the clouds, heavy and lowering, the following motto was engraved:—"Olim haec meminisse juvabit. Aprilis 26to, 1746." Upon the bottom, and near the edge of the lid, was this inscription:—"Quid Neptune, paras? Fatis agitamur inquis." On the bottom of the box were inscribed the words:—"Donald Macleod of Gualtergill, in the isle of Skye, the faithful Palinurus, aet. 68, 1746." Below this was a representation of a dove with an olive branch in its bill. In August, 1747, Donald arrived in

Leith, at the house of James Macdonald, joiner, of the family of Sartle, often referred to in the records, the hospitable friend of any Jacobite who happened to be in Edinburgh during those years.

There also he came in contact with Bishop Forbes, the compiler of the "Lyon in Mourning," and in more than one interview got from him the valuable account of the wanderings and adventures of the Prince so far as personally known to him. Donald came to Leith penniless, but the Bishop set a subscription on foot, which amounted to £10, and brought him back in comfort to his wife and family at Gualtergill, after an absence of eighteen months.

On or about 8th September, 1749, the old Pilot went to his rest, the crowded and troubled months through which he had passed having no doubt tended to hasten the end. Bishop Forbes, who warmly admired his character, composed this tribute to his memory :—

"Some time last month died at Gualtergill, in the Isle of Skye, aged 72, Donald Macleod, of late so well known to the world by the name of the Faithful Palinurus. In the decline of his life he gave a strong proof how much he despised the gilded dust, that idol of the times."

CHAPTER VI

THE HIGHLAND LITERATURE OF THE '45

It is a natural, and perhaps a commonplace reflection, but one based upon truth, that our national Literature of the 18th century would have been shorn of its chief glory if Charles Edward had not come to our shores, dazzled the minds of Scotsmen and Scotswomen by his daring adventure, as well as charmed them by his gallant bearing, and called forth their pity by his unparalleled misfortunes. Fiction, both in prose and poetry, has drawn upon the immortal epic, and received lustre from its glowing romance.

The Literature of the Highlands has played its own part, and not an insignificant one, in immortalizing the deeds, the perils, and the disasters, as well as the loyalty and devotion of that time. It has features of its own, deserving of special recognition. Many years had passed, after the echoes of the Rebellion had died down, before the Lowland muse took up the theme, and Lowland minstrels wakened into song the memories of the '45. Singers like the Baroness Nairn, in whose breast the Jacobite romance was an hereditary passion, and whose ancestral home, "The Auld Hoose," sheltered Scotland's heir, and others like the Ettrick Shepherd, lived a generation at least later than the events they

celebrated in song. Lyrics of such charming pathos as "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," and such rousing war-songs as "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" and the "Hundred Pipers" were the literary revival of a sentiment, by writers who felt the afterglow of events that had become a tradition. For a long time after Culloden, the danger of expressing anything like sympathy with the Jacobite movement was too great to permit of literary expression—such, at anyrate, was the case in the Lowlands.

The Gaelic bards who flourished at the time of the '45, and were Jacobite to the core, were undeterred by any such fear of consequences from giving utterance to the thoughts that burned within them. The traditions of the Highland Clans, from the beginning of the Stuart troubles, were those of loyalty to the ancient line of kings, with probably the exception of the Macleods of Dunvegan, who, though they fought for Charles II on the field of Worcester, kept aloof from the Risings of 1689-1715 and 1745. Iain Lom Macdonald, the Keppoch bard, and laureate of Charles II, lived long enough to see the Jacobite era, and denounce in scathing terms the dethronement of James VII and the crowning of William and Mary. There was no Jacobite enthusiasm and no lyric outburst following the Rising of 1715. The old Chevalier had none of the qualities that inspire either the warrior or the bard. Mentally commonplace, the failure of 1715 was as much owing to his lack of a magnetic personality as to

other causes. After Sheriffmuir he walked out of his lodgings at Montrose by a back door, apparently regardless of what might happen to those who risked their lives and fortunes for his cause, and it is strange that Jacobitism did not perish utterly with his departure. The poet Gray, who saw him in 1740, describes him—among other unflattering touches—as one who "has extremely the look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays!"

The Jacobite tradition sprang into quickened life with the coming of Charles Edward, and contemporary Gaelic bards voiced the sentiments of their compatriots in spirited and martial effusions. That the Gaelic poets were Jacobite in their outlook is not a thing to wonder at. It is not always the course that is prudent, discreet, worldly wise, that appeals to the poetic mind; it is rather the reckless daring, the tragedy, the loss, that moves the poet to touch his lyre with a passion and a depth of emotion that the serene currents of life can never rouse. This always holds true. It is tragedy that has called forth in Greek as in English Literature the noblest efforts of poetic genius. Paradise Regained may have been the the finest poem of its age save one, but it was in Paradise Lost, with its majestic delineation of the "unconquerable will, the study of revenge, immortal hate," that the Puritan poet scaled the heights of epic grandeur.

The most distinguished of the Gaelic Jacobite bards, probably the most distinguished of all the

Gaelic bards of modern times, was Alexander Macdonald—Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair—son of the minister of Island Finnan, or of Ardnamurchan, as it is known in later days. He was born early in the last decade of the 17th century, though our evidence is inferential rather than direct, and would be a man of over 50 at the time of the '45. From a worldly point of view, he was a man who made little of his life, gifted though he was and well educated, never getting beyond the position of a miserably paid teacher of a charity school; but as a poet, he has stepped into the company of the immortals. In 1745 he was teaching the school of Corryvullin, near the Sugar Brook, to which he composed one of his most delightful poems, but the echoes of Charles' landing drew him to Lochnanuamh, where he boarded the 'Doutelle' on 25th July to welcome the Prince, to whose service during the period of his enterprise he devoted the wealth of his genius.

Alasdair's espousal of the Jacobite cause was not by any means a sudden conversion. The son of an Episcopal minister, whose political sympathies were on the Stuart side, he must have been at heart on the side of the old *regime*. An office-bearer and an agent of the Church of the Revolution, it is not credible that he was sincere in his allegiance. A fire smouldered within which needed but a breath from without to fan it into flame. So it was to him the best news possible that the clans were beginning to rise for

the Prince—to him it was nothing less than a gospel :—

> There are good news through the Roughbounds,
> Hosts marshalling for the field ;
> Devices shaped and hammered quick
> On many a bossy shield ;
> George's crew, vain-glorious, false,
> With withering tauntings rave,
> For sure a host the billows cross
> Our loyal folk to save.

This gospel, as he calls it, was the theme of many a rousing and vivid lay.. He has been justly termed the Tyrtæus of the Rebellion, and it is true that his appeals were a powerful incentive to rouse the Highlanders to action, especially in the Clanranald country. His own personal devotion to Charles he declares to be as close and faithful as the limpet's adhesion to the ocean rock.

Macdonald's Jacobite poems vary in character and merit, most of them possessing a fine martial swing and a wonderful command of the ancient tongue, while some are not only vituperative, when dealing with the Guelph Kings and their adherents, but are tainted, it must be confessed, with a coarseness which is a blot upon his fame. And then woe betide any one who offers a slight to Prince Charles or the cause which was to him so sacred. The Address to the Clans is a fine specimen of the higher and more praiseworthy efforts of Alasdair's muse. After a general exhortation, every clan is separately pictured

with a wealth and variety of descriptive power which speaks volumes for the poet's intellectual as well as poetic gifts. Part of the general address may be rendered thus :—

Beloved band and royal,
  True homage yours to yield;
Now let your eyes see clearly,
  Your true hearts throb sincerely;
The health you love so dearly,
  James Stuart's, now fill up,
But if you drink it not with zest,
  Do not defile the cup.

Fill up a toast to Charles;
  You rascal, fill the bowl;
That is the draught reviving,
  Whence I am health deriving,
Though death should be arriving,
  And strength, joy, life should flee;
O Thou who rulest, bring his fleet
  With speed across the sea.

Unfurl your lofty ensign,
  So tight and white and new,
To your mighty masts of pine,
  To cross the angry brine,
While Eolus gives his sign
  That a strong east wind will blow;
But Neptune faithfully will make
  The billows smooth and low.

The Hanoverian dynasty were the objects of fierce outpourings, while the Clan Campbell came in for some hearty onslaughts because of their support of the powers that were. At no time was Alasdair's muse more merciless than while dealing with the former, and the wonder is, not

only that in 1752 volumes of his poems, abounding in sentiments of the most vehement sedition, were burnt by the common hangman but that he himself escaped without being arrested. This attitude is observable in the poem addressed to Charles Edward on the day the Stuart Standard was unfurled at Glenfinnan. It begins :—

> Charles, son of James,
> Son of James, son of Charles;
> With joy I'd go with thee
> When the march has been sounded,
> And not with the vile one
> That sprang from the sow.

The last line seems to be an echo—and it is repeated in several other effusions—of a somewhat coarse gibe perpetrated by some poetaster of the early 18th century, entitled "The Sow's Tail to Geordie." It was composed at the expense of George I, that "wee wee German lairdie," who did not live in the odour of sanctity, and a lady friend, Madame Kilmansegg, afterwards created Countess of Darlington, and who in her own country was nicknamed the 'sow,' varied at times by the 'elephant.' Of her, Lord Oxford wrote that she had "two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of the body, and no part restrained by stays." These unusual physical proportions earned for the lady the nicknames referred to, and prompted Alasdair to introduce into his poems on more than one occasion this porcine descent for the Guelph family of 1745.

The Bard Alasdair Macdonald was so sanguine that the Prince would return to retrieve the disaster of Culloden that we cannot always say whether some of his poems were composed in anticipation of his first coming or in expectation of his return. One of the most famous and popular of his songs may probably be placed partly before and partly subsequent to 1745-6. To the earlier period may be ascribed the introductory verses of this stirring ode :—

Methought the golden-haired Charles
Crossed the seas in my dreaming,
With his pipes and his war-shouts
And his scarlet flags streaming.

Came the tidings of gladness
In the morn, on my waking,
That my Prince to the Highlands
His advent was making.

Then towards the end there are references to the Duke of Cumberland and his brother, Prince Frederick, that indicate a retrospective thought after Culloden :—

We would string up that butcher
With blood-guiltiness laden,
And again to his brother
Gift as heir-loom the ' Maiden.'

The uncompromising nature of Alasdair's devotion to Prince Charles was shown in his merciless dealing with the Oban poetess. This was the daughter of Black Duncan Campbell, a well-known notary of his day, a lady of Hanoverian sympathies, who had the effrontery, as Alasdair

thought, to question the legitimacy of the Prince, and described his followers in a poem which has not survived as "Prasgan nan Garbh Chrioch," or the "Rabble of the Rough Bounds." There was no limit to the wealth of vituperation he levelled at her devoted head in three successive lampoons, and if it does not enhance his fame—rather the reverse—it certainly evinces his mastery of the language. It is said that Miss Campbell, who ran an inn in Oban, never composed anything after this attack, but it gave the Bard an opportunity of coining a new Gaelic word when he describes her as "Osdag mhi-narach an Obain," the shameless hostess of Oban.

Alasdair got many a warning as to the recklessness with which he denounced the Hanoverian Government and his unfeigned love for, and allegiance to, Charles, and in an unwonted fit of caution he composed the fine waulking-song, "Agus Ho Mhorag," as if it were in praise of a beautiful maiden who had won his devoted affection. Morag is invested with every beauty and charm that poet could conceive. The colours are laid on the canvas with a lavish, even a prodigal, brush. But as the Bard waxes more enthusiastic, the disguise becomes pretty thin, and the real object of his love becomes obvious to the most uncritical eye. Even the second couplet lets the reader into the poet's thought:—

> Fair Morag of the golden hair,
> To sing thy praises gives me pleasure.
>
> And if thou hast crossed the ocean,
> Early be thy welcome coming.

And when Morag comes, he prays that she may bring with her a band of maidens, so that by their efforts the red cloth may be firmly and thoroughly waulked.

In the poem on "The Parting of the Prince and the Gaidheal" we have the poet in a softer and more tender mood than in any of his other Jacobite productions. The sorrow of the Gaidheal is expressed in touching terms:—

> We've lost our rigging and our helm;
> Our sheet anchor's thrown away;
> Our charts and compass we have lost;
> Our guiding star and watch by day.
> We've none to lead us or to guide;
> We have been left among the slain;
> But speed thou on thy way, beloved;
> Make haste and quickly come again.

Then, in special farewell words to the Clan Donald, the Prince is represented as saying:—

> 'Twas you, under the Triune God,
> Who shielded me from others' hate;
> My many deadly powerful foes
> Through heights and mountains spread their net:
> How much your loyalty you showed
> Should be remembered evermore;
> Besides, 'twas you first took my side
> When landing on your Highland shore.

After that the poem ends with the hope of eventual restoration. The poet was an invincible optimist, and refused to accept final defeat. Though he lived for at least twenty-five years after Culloden, there is no evidence that despond-

ency or despair as to the future of the Stuart cause ever took possession of that vehement, often turbulent, but ever truly poetic soul.

Alasdair Macdonald's Jacobite effusions may be said to cover the greater part of the field occupied by the Gaelic Literature of the '45 period. Yet every bard of note who sang in that age joined the Jacobite chorus. If in Macdonald we have the incurable optimist, the poet who refused to admit irretrievable failure, in John Roy Stuart we have one overwhelmed with depression over the Prince's misfortunes. Stuart was a Strathspey man, born about the beginning of the 18th century. He was the descendant of a long line of the Barons of Kincardine, who claimed, through the Wolf of Badenoch—Alasdair Mor Mac an Righ—to be descended from the old Stuart Kings, and as blood is thicker than water, there was between himself and the Prince the bond of royal kinship. John Roy Stuart, who received an excellent education, embraced a military career in early life, and became a brave and skilful officer, as well as a poet of original power and vividness. For a time he held the post of lieutenant and quartermaster in the Scots Greys, but, being disappointed of further preferment, he retired from the King's service some time after 1730. Eventually he cast his lot with the Jacobite party, and took an active part on the French side in the fighting in Flanders. He fought at the battle of Fontenoi, on 11th May, 1745, but on hearing that the Standard of the

Stuarts—"A Bhratach Bhan"—was unfurled, he hurried home to his native country, and continued in the Prince's army, in which he had the rank of Colonel, down to the battle of Culloden. There he is said to have performed prodigies of valour, on observing which the Duke of Cumberland enquired who the hero was. One of his aides-de-camp answered that it was John Roy Stuart. "Good God!" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here?"

Stuart composed two poems on the battle of Culloden, both of which take high rank in the literature of the '45. They both reveal how the iron of disaster and defeat had entered his inmost soul:—

> On my heart grief is pressing
> For the wounds and distress of my land;
> King of Heaven, still guard us
> From the foes that are hard on each hand.
> On our track is Duke William,
> And we fall by his villainous band,
> Till the vilest and basest
> On the flower of our race have their stand.[1]

In lines of touching pathos he tells how the plaid-clad warriors were defeated, not by the might of their opponents, but by adverse weather conditions. Cumberland was celebrating his birthday at Nairn on the night before the battle, and the scheme of the Jacobite leaders was to take him-

[1] The translation is from Maclean's Literature of the Highlands, p. 45.

self and his army by surprise. But the elements said No! and a storm of wind and rain beat upon their faces with such tremendous force that the attempt failed. And so the poem ends in gloom, unillumined by a ray of hope :—

> In the woods we are hiding,
> In the glens and the wide hills around,
> Without solace or pleasure,
> Never hearing sweet measures of sound;
> Food and fire both are failing,
> And the mist is a veil on our sight;
> Like the owls is our calling,
> That is heard at the falling of night.

The poem is composed in the stately solemn measure of the 'Cumha,' or lament type, sometimes used by the Gaelic bards in treating of grave or mournful events.

The other poem on Culloden by Colonel Stuart is in three-line stanzas, and, as to form, is remarkable for a feature not uncommon in Gaelic poetry, having an *e* phrase at the end of the third line and running through the 29 verses. There is the same tone of depression pervading it, and especially expressions of poignant regret that there were so many of the Highland clans that were not able to muster at the Prince's call. The Macphersons were late for the battle; the Macdonalds of Skye were absent; so were the MacGregors, many of the Clan Chattan, and others. Different, however, from his other Culloden poem, a gleam of hope at the end shoots through the shadows. The wheel of fortune would yet turn from north

or south, and the foe would receive the reward of iniquity. Duke William's head will yet be seen swinging to a high post, torn by the fowls of the air, and young and old will submit and render allegiance to the rightful King.

In both poems Stuart declares one of the causes of defeat to be the presence of an Achan in the camp, who sold his honour, and for gold changed his coat. There were others who shared that belief in Lord George Murray's treachery. Lord George's temper did not suffer fools gladly, and, in a military sense, there were such among the Prince's staff, and there was no love lost between them and him. Unbiassed history does not confirm the suspicions to which Stuart gives voice, and which were propagated by Lord George's enemies within the coterie of Charles' friends. The Prince himself puts his Lieutenant's integrity beyond dispute, for when Macdonald of Kingsburgh asked him if he considered his lordship guilty of treachery, he answered with an emphatic 'No!'

The Jacobite spirit, so potent in the two poets we have been considering, might to a large extent be accounted for by environment. The same, however, cannot be said of another couple of distinguished bards who meet us in the poetry of the '45. Duncan Ban Macintyre and Rob Donn (Robert Calder or Mackay), one from the Breadalbane and the other from the Reay country, could not be said to have breathed a Jacobite atmosphere, and were Jacobites despite their sur-

roundings. Duncan Ban was born in the parish of Glenorchy, at a place called Druimliaghart, in 1724. He had no education such as books afford, though there is evidence that he could sign his name; but the outdoor life he led as forester to the Earls of Breadalbane and Argyll, in Ben Dorain, Coire Cheathaich and Buachaill Eitidh, brought his eye and ear close to the heart of nature. These were his school; for him to climb the steeps, to breathe the bracing air of Ben Dorain, and to see its soothing visions, was to scale the summits of Parnassus. He was a poet of nature, and had the instinctive sense of beauty in the use of language, which belongs to true poetic genius.

It was chance that led Macintyre into the ranks of war, and, by a strange irony of fortune, on the side to which his soul was opposed. We find him in two rather remarkable effusions on the battle of Falkirk, in which he was engaged on the Government side, giving, at any rate in the later poem, whole-hearted utterance to his Jacobite sympathies. Among the fencible men in Breadalbane who were called up in the '45 was a tacksman named Archibald Fletcher, but he being unwilling to go, or, as the bard does not scruple to suggest, being afraid, he appointed Duncan to act as his substitute, promising him 300 merks and the use of his sword. The first poem was composed after the regiment was disbanded in 1746, but, when Duncan came to claim his fee, Fletcher refused to pay, because, as Horace did

to his shield at Philippi, he had thrown away his sword. This lent edge to his satire. He has no doughty deeds of valour to record on the part of the Government troops, but a flight and a scattering, as well as slaughter, at which he secretly rejoices. As to the lost sword, he has no terms scathing enough to describe its utter inefficiency as a weapon of war. He would never again engage in the same service :—

> When a third of us had fallen,
> We fled from them a great distance;
> And I'll go no more for ever
> To the King of Whigs' assistance.[1]

Eventually, through Breadalbane's influence, the wages of his campaign were paid. This was his first poetical essay—a creditable effort for a prentice hand—but in another on the same theme he speaks with a stronger voice. He does not confine himself to the immediate subjects, but descants regretfully on the tragedy of Culloden and the misfortunes that ensued. The Prince appears in these verses as "Iain Macruari," one whose coming would dispel his gloom and fill his heart with joy, but the poet's reason for giving him this name is not obvious, if for the purpose of disguise, as later on the real name is freely mentioned. So thoroughly anti-Whig in tone and sentiment was this poem on the battle of Falkirk that, from prudential motives, it was never published in his life-time :—

[1] Prof. Calder's translation.

There's no respect for the Gael
Since Charles has left the land;
He left us as lambs that are orphaned,
A mirthless unhappy band.
Though we yield to the English nation,
And take service 'neath George's sway,
'Tis one of our earnest petitions
He should fare to Hanòver and stay.

Robert Mackay, or Rob Donn as he was better known, was a native of the parish of Durness, in Sutherland, where he was born in 1714. Duthaich Mhic Aoidh, or Mackay's Country, was long under Whiggish influence, but this did not prevent the bard from taking sides at the '45, and uttering blessings on the Jacobite cause. One of his poems is a birthday ode to Prince Charles, in which he exhorts all and sundry, old and young, to welcome the day with due festivity in honour of one who would be to the Gael what King David was to Israel. Judging by its terms, it was composed two years after Charles coming to Scotland, and therefore after the Prince's departure, but, curiously enough, there is no word of the tragedy of Culloden. There is abundant eulogy of the Prince, whom the poet's exuberant fancy makes a Solomon in wisdom, a Samson in strength, and an Absalom in beauty, and so paints a rosy future when George's crown, if ever, is transferred to his head. He prays the Ordainer of all things to protect him from the cruelty of his foes.

Hector Macleod, the South Uist bard, was the author of two of the most graceful and

exquisite pastorals in the Gaelic language, and of one Jacobite poem of an unusual type. In later life he lived in the districts of Arisaig and Morar, and from his connection with both the Long Island and mainland estates of Clanranald, we are not surprised to find him so keen a supporter of the Stuart cause and a singer of Jacobite lays. His poems—the few that have been preserved—with their references to sylvan beauties, bear evidence of their having been composed during his residence on the mainland.

On a morning in June, as the sun was issuing from a bank of clouds, this lover of nature goes forth, and as he contemplates the variegated loveliness of the scene, a youth of beautiful aspect appears to him in a vision. He speaks, and as the poet listens he is told that if he desires a message for the nobles of Alba, he should gaze with intent vision on the far distance. He does so, and beholds the sea like a forest with the masts and flag-poles of ships which are making for the shore. He sees the host disembark, while the roar of cannon shakes the hills. First he sees coming the King's own clan, the Stuarts, their arms red with the blood of strife. Then follow the Clan Donald, like hounds wild with hunger, like bears fierce and keen, marching shoulder to shoulder as to battle. Beautiful were their banners, bearing a castle, salmon, ship, red hand, eagle and tree, while on the topmast was tied a bunch of heather. A lion also was visible: no place of safety were its open jaws. Drawn up on

the mountains of Fife, they were addressed in words of incitement, somewhat, though brief, on the model of Lachlan Mor Mac Vurich's address before Harlaw :—

> Awake, ye sons of Milé;
> Indolent and long have been your slumbers;
> Begin to be avenged for Culloden—
> The debt has been long increasing.

After this exhortation, he thought he saw, apart from the rest, three lions with widely opened jaws, and heard them give three such tremendous roars that they rent the rocks with their loudness. Then he enumerates the three branches of the clan typified by these royal beasts, Castle Tirrim, Duntulm and Glengarry, and the vision concludes with the assumption that there would be a great victory, with slaughter of the foe, for certain men whose names are given were selected, whose business it would be to bury the dead.

Such were the thoughts to which the Gaelic bards gave utterance at the time of the '45. If we do not find in them, save in one or two rare exceptions, the same note of tender feeling as is shown by such songs as "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'," "Will ye no come back again?" composed long after, the reason is not far to seek. In the case of the Jacobite poetry of the Gaelic bards, the events were too near; the fierce enmity and rancour, the resentment for the actions of a foe cruel to the point of barbarity, too intimate to admit of any expression of feeling beyond sentiments that were warlike and revengeful.

If we come to look for a note of tenderness in the Gaelic poetry of the '45, we find it, not among the masters of song, those who rose high in fame, but those who trod the obscure and unambitious by-ways of Parnassus. And we are not surprised that probably the only two voices that sang plaintively of Charles and his sad failure were female singers. Two songs of this type were published by John Mackenzie in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" many years ago, but they certainly belong to the period of the Rebellion. One of these is a bitter cry from the region of Strathglass, issuing from the heart of one who was bereft of her husband on the dark day of Culloden. William Chisholm, the standard-bearer of his clan, was slain during the retreat. After an heroic defence, that might rank with the chivalry of the ages of romance, he was shot down at the door of a barn where a number of his fellow-clansmen took refuge. A song of heart-broken pathos was composed by his widow. It is not to any great extent a regretful outpouring of sorrow for the failure of the Cause; it is in the main the mourning of a stricken heart for the death of one so dear. The larger issues are obscured by her own personal tragedy. It was practically a reproach against the cause that had cost her so much. That indeed is the thought with which the poem opens. Though she sadly asks who will now lift the sword or fill the throne, her melancholy plaint she confesses to be, that this is not what fills her thoughts, but the loss of her first love.

The other effusion is of an entirely different complexion; in some respects the very opposite feelings are expressd. Mackenzie says it was very popular in his time, and remarks in his editorial note that there were various MS. copies of it, the oldest of which was by a lady, and bore the title, "Miss Flora Macdonald's Lament for Prince Charlie." This, of course, is an entire mistake. Apart from other considerations, including the fact that Flora never courted the Muses, the poem itself contains internal evidence that the title was erroneous. There are remarkable features to be noticed in this charming lyric. It is the utterance of a woman's heart regarding the man she loves, Prince though he be. Would, she says, that his cause prospered. Fain would she roam with him through Highland glens, early and late would she wander with him amid woods and rocks and rugged tracks. To her his kiss was like the wine of France, his cheek has the glow of the summer berry, more pleasant than the cuckoo's note was his voice when she enjoyed his sweet converse.

Who was it whose love went forth to the royal fugitive in such unstinted measure, it is impossible now to say, but that it was a real and not a factitious episode in the life of some woman, unknown but gifted, is evinced by the personal note at the end :—

> I lost my father and my two brothers,
> They ruined my clan, they harried my friends;
> They destroyed my country, and robbed my mother,
> But little my grief if Charles prospered.

Prince Charles survived the disaster of Culloden by over forty years, at the end of which period the Rising and its tragic close had faded in the Highlands to a rather dim tradition. There does not seem to have been a voice raised, north or south, to signalize his death but one. A sweet and plaintive note was heard amid the general silence from the consummate bard, William Ross, who sang in touching strains, on hearing of Charles' death, "Farewell to the White Cockade" ("Soraidh bhuan do 'n t-Suaithneas Bhan"). Ross was born sixteen years after Culloden, but his heart throbbed with love for the lost cause. According to Mackenzie of the "Beauties," his father was a strong Hanoverian, but, true to the poetic tradition, William's thought's dwell tenderly upon the last of the old line, and, while Charles lived, hoped for a Restoration :—

I once looked forward to the day
When I should hear the shouts of war,
As Charles' fleet came o'er the main,
But hope from me has gone afar.

The youthful race that saw thee not
Had love for thee within its breast,
But now these hearts have sunk in gloom,
Since thou art evermore at rest.

Let us submit whate'er befalls,
By us things can't be better made;
Our pilgrimage must here be short,
And then we'll follow the White Cockade.

The last verse would almost seem to indicate a premonition of early death. Ross was in declin-

ing health when he heard the news of Charles' death in 1787, and, in 1790, "while life was in its spring," he, too, "following the Suaithneas Ban," passed on to his rest.

A phase of the aftermath of the '45 which has left a deep impression on the Gaelic poetry of the post-Rebellion age was the "Unclothing Act." In the nature of things it did not touch the Lowlands, but in the Highlands this most fatuous of all the Acts that have found their way into the Statute book, roused a burning indignation of which the poets became the mouthpiece. The Rebellion had struck such dismay into the Hanoverian Government, and so upset their nerves, that a bit of tartan was like a red rag to an infuriated bull. On the other hand, the belted plaid was a symbol of nationality, and the banning of it was an insult to the race. The poets said little about the policy of Disarming. They could bury their weapons and exhume them when occasion demanded. But to unclothe them was a different proposition, and many, and sometimes amusing, were the expedients for evading the law.

Alexander Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair) descants upon "The Proud Plaid" in his most lively and finished style, and with his wonted incurable optimism as to the future of the cause, even when under an eclipse, and other poets of the first rank, as well as some less distinguished, vented their indignation at President Forbes' Act. John Mac Codrum, the peasant bard of North Uist, in one of his happiest efforts strikes some shrewd blows at the authors of the measure, and

the following English translation of his poem on the Highland dress, which I submit in its entirety, may give the non-Gaelic readers some idea of its character, as well as of the feeling created by the policy of unclothing :—

I am pained and sick, weary and morose,
I cannot walk a step, tied tight and full of woes ;
The King I do not bless who filched from us our dress,
The worst luck to him since e'er he stretched the hose ;
The stocking is long and wide, but better far I feel
With hose that are a span from garter to the heel.

You bestowed on us our coat with lappets loose and wide,
You also gave us shoes with plenty room inside ;
Our taxes you increased, our substance you decreased,
No means or hope of such did you provide ;
You gave us breeks, you made our limbs too tight :
Dearer the wide plaid, the garment neat and light.

The coat for nightly clothing is most bare,
My feet won't stretch, I'm sleepless, I declare ;
Pleasanter to me ten single yards would be,
The kilt's full measure, when from bed I fare ;
From wind and rain this fine garb keeps us warm :
Thrice cursed he who wrought us this great harm.

There is no better dress when summers glow ;
It is light and gladsome in winter's snow ;
'Twas it our heroes wore in the brave days of yore ;
That it's forbidden is a theme of woe ;
The garb that clad the good Gaels as their right,
Lord, it's a pity it's denied through spite.

No mother's son was seen in street or field
More handsome than the Gael of stalwart build ;
The tartan plaid and kilt, a sword grasped by the hilt,
Behind, the shield, with pistol ready primed and filled.
Shield on hero's shoulder, sharp sword 'neath his arm,
At sight of him the stranger would die with alarm.

Well doth the cocked bonnet suit the warrior's head,
Short coat and kilt, bare thighs and haughty tread,
Going to the fighting, bloody, fierce, and smiting,
Thrashing the red-coated, marrow would be shed.
Brave might of heroes, testing blades of steel,
The coated ones beheaded with the strokes they deal.

When the Gaels assemble on the scene of fight
With their keen Spanish blades and helmets bright,
They will dearly pay Culloden's fatal day,
No coin will be unpaid of what is right:
No one was robbed or captured in that strife
But will obtain their own, even to the life.

When the men of Alba hear your shout afar,
They will muster 'neath your pictured flag of war:
Clan Donald, as was wont, most daring to the front,
Tailors of red clothing, not to sew but mar,
Hewing heads and ears with blades both hard and keen,
A head for every spot upon the plaid, I ween.

That our garb is altered is a thought I hate;
But I will see it righted at London's gate
By gallant youths one day, that will like lions play,
Terrifying George that he'll no longer wait.
The young Prince captured, George then homeward flies,
And Charles will be King—the price of plaids will rise.

'Tis like durance vile to be without the plaid;
Let us pray with fervour for heaven's aid.
When ten thousand Frenchmen come across to help us,
The ball is at their feet, and Charles at their head,
And when the sow is singed and all her litter slain,
Nor sword nor plaid will e'er be banned again.

No poet more fiercely denounced the Uncloth-ing Act and its author than Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, the friend of James Macpherson of Ossianic fame. For a variety of reasons he cursed the breeks, and the fate he desired for

President Forbes was that awarded to first-class misdemeanants :—

> Lord, 'tis a pity the man was not choked
> Who introduced this Act.

One poetess, Mrs Stevenson, wife of Rev. James Stevenson, minister successively of Ardnamurchan and Ardchattan, gives reasons of a less sentimental and more economic character why the Act should be condemned than are to be found in any other poetical effusions of the time. In the last of a series of rather felicitous verses, she declares that as tartan dyes were no longer needed, the King's revenue would correspondingly suffer for lack of Custom duties.[1]

The time came, more than a generation later, when the wrong done to the *amour propre* of the Scottish Gael was redressed, and the wearing of the tartan was declared to be lawful. In 1782 this invidious piece of legislation was rescinded. History has assigned the credit of this work to two men whose names deserve to be held in kindly remembrance—the Marquis of Graham, afterwards Duke of Montrose, and the Hon. Archibald Campbell Fraser of Lovat, the former of whom seems to have transmitted this patriotic nationalism down to the latest generation. One only of the great Gaelic singers who denounced the Unclothing Act lived to rejoice in its annulment, Duncan Ban Macintyre, who was quite a young man at the time of the '45. In his own happy and finished style he begins :—

[1] *Vide* Macdonald Collection, p. 349.

News I have lately received
Which joy to my spirit bore,
That the national garb would be ours,
The habit we erstwhile wore.
As our glasses are full to the brim,
And we talk in a hum of delight,
Then here's to the health of Montrose,
Who stands for our ancient right.

Another poet of the first rank, born long after Culloden, but strongly imbued with the poetic tradition of Jacobitism, was equally joyful at this belated concession to the spirit of the Gael. William Ross was afterwards to sing a plaintive note on the passing of Charles, but now, in his early youth, he gives a warm tribute of praise to the Marquis. The Marquis's colleague, who co-operated in producing the result, does not somehow seem to have caught the patriotic fervour of the poets, and no laudatory verses to Archibald Fraser of Lovat have illustrated the creditable part which he undoubtedly had in restoring the kilt to his countrymen.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

Unpublished letter from Angus Macdonald of Glengarry to Coll Macdonald of Barisdale.

Among those who followed the fortunes of Prince Charles there was none more ardent and enthusiastic than young Angus Macdonald of Glengarry.[1] His older brother, Alasdair Ruadh (Alexander the Red), heir to the headship of Glengarry, on whom Andrew Lang strove to fasten the guilt of treachery, as Pickle the Spy, was at the time of the Rebellion a captive in London. On the way from France with a detachment of the Royal Scots in the French service and a picquet of the Irish Brigade, his ship was attacked by an English frigate, and after a desperate resistance he was taken prisoner and lodged in the Tower of London.

The chief himself was too weak a man to take a decided stand, but his clan was to a man in favour of the movement, and 500 Glengarry clansmen with the men of Keppoch and Glenco, in the absence of Alasdair Ruadh, assembled under the leadership of Angus, Glengarry's second son, as Colonel, with Lochgarry as second in command. He is referred to, both in history and fiction, as a mere stripling, but however that may be, he was married and the father of two

1 Referred to on p. 17.

children, a boy and girl, the former of whom carried on the succession to the chiefship. The Glengarry men were in the front line at the battle of Prestonpans on 21st September, and the Prince's friends were so much encouraged by the brilliant victory won over Sir John Cope that Angus of Glengarry, among others, was sent to the North Highlands for the purpose of securing reinforcements. It was during this recruiting tour, which did not prove as successful as was hoped, that the letter which follows was written. Angus, no doubt misled by unfounded reports, paints a rosy picture of the future of the Prince's cause, and urges his cousin, Coll Macdonald of Barisdale, to be up and doing. The month is not mentioned, but it was probably October.

Angus's death by a random shot after the battle of Falkirk was one of the most cruel blows that the cause of Charles sustained, and two touching elegies, one in Turner's Collection and the other in the Macdonald Collection, bewail his tragic and untimely end. The tenor of the letter is as follows :—

Dear Cousine,

I am vext and surprised at your long stay in the North particularly if you came to assent as timeous as you intended, Sometime I begin to think if the country people there be longsome a gathering it may be the reason. Having an express yesternight from his Royall Highness's Secretary I march tomorrow all the men & the other Gentlemen that came north w^{t} me except

your friend Ensign Sanders Mac Donell who I have left w^t^ fifty Glengery & Glenmoriston men to wait your comeing up or to answer your call North if you have use for them. Mr Murray's Letter[1] affirms that the Ferrol Squadron have landed the Duke of York w^t^ five thousand Spainards w^t^ two Lieut Generals, three Major Generals, three hundred thousand Spainish Pistols and arms for four thousand men more at White Haven & the Earl of Marshal is landed at Dunbar w^t^ the six Irish Regiments & Lord John Drummonds Royal Scots Regiment from Dunkirk in all four thousand seven hundred men commanded by the Duke of Berwick second son of his second mariage, a Leut General and General Lowendal that commanded at the siege of Ostend. The Highland army were to march from Diddiston & the Prince at their head to join them at Dunbar & march directly from Berwick, three Regiments were to stay at Ed^r^ to wait all the men upon their march from the Highlands and its his oppinion orders would be left at Ed^r^ for all thes highlanders to join the Duke of York in the West & march in two seperate armies. The accounts still agree that there are no more Dutch landed at Berwick & that Lord Stair & General Wentworth are not able to bring four thousand foot & Horse together. There are three standards set up in England for his Royal Highness one by the Duke of Beaufort another by Sir Walkins William Wynd & Sir John Hynd Cotten and the third by

1 The information in Murray's letter, though partly based on historic facts, is largely imaginary.

Square Morgan in Welsh. Things seems to go one so quickly that all that are so far behind as you will be at a loss not to share in the happie events immediately to happen. I need not insist you make all dispatch

I am

Dear Cousine

your most affect humble ser^{t}

Angus Mac Donell

Laggan Achadome

Thursday the 10th

1745

APPENDIX B (1)

As to the poor Prince after the Battle of Colloden a brother of Glenalidels, a Mr Macdonald, and a lad of the name of Macdonald that was there servant, carried him from the field of Battle to the Breas of Glenmorison, they lived in a small hut there in a thick wood. Mr Macdonald Glenalidel picked up two men, one a Cameron, the other a Macdonald, these men they employed to bring them everything they wanted from Inverness and Fortaugustus, where the Duke of Cumberland and his whole army were at the time, and that within a few miles of the place they had their hut and when they were turning short of money his faithfull attendance were always going about for information and provision, at last when they were near run out of everything, Cameron and Macdonald set of in a very reany evening, fell in with Lord George Seckwell servants, and his baggage on their way (from Fort Augustus) to (the Barracks at Bernera in) Glenelge after their Master. They pretended to be good guides, they brought them into a deep morass, where their horses sunk over head and ears and never came out to this good day. His Lordship's servants went of to their Master without horses or Baggage. When night came on, the two guides returned to the morass and carried off his Lordships Baggage to their own hut where

it was very much needed especially clean linnens and money in short there was a part of everything that would be useful to them. The Duke had parties over all the highlands looking for him and other rebels, taking up their cattle and burning their houses in the mountains as well as in the vallies so that they had to keep by their hut, as they never woud suspect that people of any consequence woud be so near the camp. Some of the parties that were in quest of him brought in a large drove of cattle to the camp. Cameron and Macdonald thought it a pity not to have a share of the spoil. Nothing woud please the poor Prince but *to go himself in person with his two faithfull guides* in spite of all Mr Macdonald Glenalidel coud say, *and steal off a cow*, which they did and carried it off to their own hut. On this they lived while it lasted, he was very vain of his Purchase. In this hut he remained till all the parties that were in quest of him and other rebels were called into camp, they then left their hut, traveled all in the night time till they came to the sea Coast to Arisaig where he found plenty of friends such as women and children; such as were to the fore of the husbands coud only appear at night. Captin Fergison and General Campbel, late Duke of Argile, came with the ships of war under the command of Commodore Noel, who was a gentile man. Your mother[1] was for a whole day aboard his ship with Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret at Kinlochndal.

1 This was Anne of Kingsburgh.

President Forbes, Lord Louden, Captin Stuart brother to the Earl of Murray, the Laird of Mac Leod, with all their men and officers came into Sky. When the Prince came to Inverness (with his army previous to the battle of Culoden) as they coud not join the King's army they comming (in) another direction remained in the country (Sky) till after the Battle (of Culoden) was over. They left six companies between Kinlochnadal and the Kyle which your grandfather (Mr Macdonald Kingsburgh) commanded for five months. The Duke of Cumberland ordered them all up to Fortaugustus. Sir Alexander went along with them, your grandfather returned home to take care of the country. The shipping was always upon the Coast landing troops. By taking up people at Arisaig and threatening them, they discovered he (the Prince) had been there. He was then conveyd by his friends in Arisaig to the Long Island landed in South Uist. The shipping very soon followed him. Captin Fergison who was a very severe man hanged two poor fellows in Barra coud not tell for what, wanting information from them which they coud not give and if they coud they woud rather lose their lives than give it. Barra was soon taken up and so was Clanranald and Boisdale this mans[1] father. The Prince was then obliged to fly to the hills. There was a Mr Suliphan (Sulivan) and a Mr O'nel who came (originally) from france with him. When the troops were searching the hills as well as the

1 Colin of Boisdale; alive in 1802, the date of the information.

low part of the country he coud not conceal himself longer there. He came to a shealling of Mr Macdonald Milton's (South Uist) where his sister (Miss) Flora Macdonald happened to be at the time. I suppose you know who the Flora McDonald was the Major's mother. Milton and Friends prevailed with her to come to Sky with the Prince, dressed him in women clothes as her maid, a lad of the name of Mac Eachern (the Duke of Tarent's father) who spoke the french, and the six hands that were in the boat were all the company. Suliphan and O'Nel parted with him there (at Milton) they put in to the point of Vaternish (in Skye) to take some refreshment, where they were not observed till they came to the other side of the point, when they were observed by a MacLeod's party that were watching boats upon the point. They were at some distance before they were observed. They were firing upon them for some time and luckily they had no boat to send after them. They came on and landed at Mugstot, below Sir Alexander's house. A party of the McLeods were on the shore waiting the arrival of every boat when Miss Mac Donald came ashore. She ordered her maid the Prince to take up her trunk and sit upon it. The soldiers asked what was this girl. She said she was her maid a betty Burk an Irishwoman (that could speak no English) Miss Mac Donald went to the house, left betty Burk there sitting on her trunk. She carried Mc Eachren to the house with her. On her coming she found the

officers of the two companies that were stationed on the Troternish coast dining with Lady Margaret (At Mugstot Sir Alexanders seat). She sat down and dined with them, and sat for some time after dinner. She took a turn or two up and down the room and called your grandfather who was there at the time, told him the great Person she had left at the shore. He heard all but said nothing, desired her take her seat again and sit with the Company which she did. He went out, went up to Lady Margret room, sent down a servant for her who told her in a low voice that there was a person in her Ladyship's room that wished to speak to her. She in a little got up went to her own room. Your grandfather desired her Ladyship sit down and compose herself, that he had something to communicate to her. She asked what it was. He told her in short words that the Prince was upon the shore below her house, that there was no time to be lost, that they must think what to do with him. She said that people must do the best they coud to see him safely conveyed out of the country, as there was no safety for him in it. Your grandfather said he would bring him to his own house that night and keep him there while he saw there woud be any safety for him and that she shoud immediately send for a Donald Mac donald and that in a very cautious manner, one of his own officers that was wounded in the Battle of Colloden was at this time getting his wounds cured at the Doctor's he to go on straight to

Portree and wait the Prince comming there which accordingly he did. Mac Echren the Prince servant was sent for, your grandfather ordered him to go to the shore, and carry Miss Mac Donald's trunk, and to bring Betty Burk along with him and shoed him from the window in the room the road they were to take, to wait there till he came to them at such an hour. Your grandfather and Lady Margret joined the company again. She there sat as composed as if there was nothing to do. After sitting for some time your grandfather said it was time for him to go that he must be at home that night. Miss MacDonald said she woud go along with him. He said as he was going on foot she had better wait till Lady Margret woud order a horse for her. Your grandfather went of, Lady Margret put a bottle of wine in his pocket, some bisket and a glass, desired your Grandfather ask him if he wanted for anything, cloths or money that it woud be sent him. As your Grandfather was comming towards them there was a flock of sheep feeding before him which ran of. He called out My good friend is comming, and here he comes, went to meet him, and saluted him most kindly. They sat down, drank their bottle of wine and ate their bisquit which he had much need of, as he tasted nothing since he left the point of Vaternish about day-break as they left the long Island under night, fasting the long summer Day
I think gave up at the drinking of their wine[1]

[1] Here there seems to have been some interval in the telling of the story.

They walked on to Kingsborrow. Some of the country people followed them as they passed through the farms, which your grandfather woud have dispensed with. The first river they came to which was the river at Uig he allowed his cloths trail through the water. The people were making their remarks. They asked your grandfather what sort of woman was this he had picked up. He said she was an Irishwoman that had no Galick a Betty Burk. They were quite satisfied, asked no more questions. Your grandfather told him (the Prince) what had passed. The next water they came to he took up his coats so high that he set them all a lauching. They at last came to Kingsborrow about eleven at night when all the Family were to bed. Your grandmother soon got up went to your mother's room told her she had got a royal guest in the house whom she often wished to see tho not in Distress. You may be sure your mother took no great time to put on her cloths. She went in with a pair of candles as no servant was admitted to his room. By this time Miss Flora MacDonald had come, and went in at the same time with your mother. He rejoiced at seeing Miss Mac Donald. He said he was afraid she was not to come at all. He turned about to Miss Flora, said he was sure the Lady that came in with the candles was no servant for that the servants here in the highlands seldom dressed in silk, that she had not the look of a servant. Miss Flora told him she was the Landlord's daughter (Mrs Macalister). He then got

up and kissed her was quite happy and much at his ease. Your grandmother sat by him the whole night but while he was shifting which he greatly required. Supper was got, your mother attended, which gave him great pain always begging of her to sit down. He at last got up and drew a chair for her. Your grandmother told him she must not sit long, that no servant woud be admitted to the room while he was in the house. There was some very fine English beer in the house which regaled him greatly, he always called for the other drink. He ate and drank hearty. He chose rum punch rather than wine. Your grandfather bathed him in a tub of warm water then sat by him in bed till he fell asleep. In that sleep he was till one o'clock noon next day. He then got up put on a suit of your Father's cloths which answered him as well as if they had been made for himself, thought them too fine for him as they had plated buttons, called for another suit which was brought him. He said he believed the gentleman the cloths belonged to had his misure, as they fitted him so well, he often said it was truly hard he coud not see the gentileman he had robbed of his clothes. Though your Father was in the house he did not see him as there was too many of the family engaged without him. Your mother was greatly surprised your grandfather had no thought of rising, she went where he was, and weakened him and said she supposed he had forgot the great person he had in the house When he woud sleep

to this time of day and allow him do the same. What if a party comes to the house before he leaves. No says he they will not come so soon (this Kingsborough had influence enough to arrange) and if they shoud what signifies this grey head of mine shoud it go a few years before the time come. Who will I shall see him safe from here. He then got up and went to his (the Prince's) room, asked how he had sleeped

I forget the conversation they had at supper. Miss Flora, said he, you was much afraid this day when they were firing upon us from the point. I am not free of fear yet said she. They may come after us here. O fie Miss Flora youl never see a Mac Leod dare to search a Mac Donald house. Do you know that my crab stick that lies in the corner there has a charm that no enemy dars attack me while I have my crab stick. I wish it may be so said she, as it is not unlike, but you may be in greater danger than you have been this day. After this passed Miss Flora retired and went to bed. He and your grandfather had a private conversation which he never woud tell them what it was. He shoed him some papers which he likewise kept secret from them all. He was in such good spirits that night that your mother says he was realy funny. I must now return to the morning or rather the afternoon. Your grandfather asked him how he slept. He said never better in his life. He sat by him till he helped him on with his clothes till Breakfast was ready. They all breakfasted together. Miss

Flora set of for Portree on her way to Slate to see her mother who lived then at Armidel, which was her pretence in comming from the Long Island to see her mother. They kept him in the house till it was late, he dined, drank tea and took some glasses of wine after dinner. They coud not keep him longer, as the boat that brought him into Sky went of immediately on their landing, as they were sure the people woud be taken up on their landing in the Long Island which they were and confessed all. As he was seen comming to the house in women cloths he must be sent off in the same way. Before he went away your mother took his measure for a darker short coat than the one he got of your Father's which he thought too dressy for him which they were to send after him. When she was taken his measure about the middle of his waist, Madam says he, make it wide there, because I expect to be a fat English man yet. I wish it may be so. I hope it will Madam, that you shall both see it and hear it. He was then poor man setting off and took his leave very kindly. They were all much affected, so was he himself. Your grandfather brought him to a little hill below the house where he dressed him in your Father's cloths which answered him as well as if they had been made for him. Your grandfather gave him a pair of new shoes, which he had much need of. The old shoes he carried home in his pocket. They than parted. His nose bled. Your grandfather held the napkin to his nose. He said there was

nothing in it, it was only the effect of parting with a faithfull friend. They went by the shore, did not take the common road. There was a boy appointed to go with him to Portree that met him (the other side of the hill where he undressed). They went on to Portree. The boy had positive orders to take no notice of any person and not to answer their questions, to go on. They arrived at Portree, met Miss Flora there and Captin Mac Donald whom I formerly mentioned. He was very happy to see them. He knew his old Captin called to him no serimony here Captin Mac Donald, No, no, Sir. He was afraid he would salute him in the usual way. He called for a drink. The woman of the house brought in a large black Coge (a wooden pale). He looked at it with surprise. Captin MacDonald called no ceremony here. No says he and took his drink very pleasantly. He and Captin Mc Donald set of for Rasay : next day Miss Flora departed for Slate.

He remained in a cove at Rasay two nights. Captin Mac Donald sent Malcom Mc Leod who was in his own army to go along with him to Kilmorie (the seat of Mc Kinnon of McKinnon). As he (Captin Macdonald) was not able to travel much his wounds being not healed up, he (the Prince) and Malcom Macleod set of for Kilmorie. No man coud rejoice more than MacKinnon did at the sight of him as he coud not hear what had come of him. He, McKinnon was one of his Col[s] and had brought him a regiment. Knowing that the shipping and troops were in quest of him

Mc Kinnon did not think it safe to keep him in his house, brought him that very night to a cove in Strathaird, where they remained for some days. Malcom returned home. Mc Kinnon stayed close with him in the cove till they observed the coast clear of the shipping. They both hurried over to Lochninug in Arisaig and found the French ships their waiting him that cam for him, a first rate and two Frigats. He immediately went on board the large ship. Before McKinnon coud get home he was taken up by Lachline Mac Neil who I suppose you remember to have seen in Campbeltown, the surveier. He robbed him of his watch and money, put him on board one of the English ships and carried to London. The English shipping came upon them. The French ship did not move of his anchors. The small ships were going round them fireing upon them, the large ship pelting them on the other side so that they were glad to make off. Captin Fergison with a party was at Kilmorie when the boat returned that carried the Prince to Arisaig. All the men made off but one man that they got hold of which man they tyed to a boat and lashed him until they left him half dead; confessed nothing, told them he never woud while he lived. The poor man is still alive. He was here last year. Miss Flora Mac Donald was taken up that day eight days. She parted with the Prince at Portree. She was taken prisoner at her mothers house at Armidel, by General Campbel who trated her with the greatest

humanity. Nothing coud exceed his goodness to her and to all that were in distress. She was carried to London where she was taken very great notice of by her own party (the first Families in England).

The shipping came from the Long Island. Captin Fergison landed at Mugstote searched the whole house their office houses fell in with your grandfather there, asked him many questions concerning Miss Flora and her maid which he answered. He said the young lady never went by his house. He often asked how her maid was dressed. He said he seldom took notice what women wore, more especially servants.

APPENDIX B (2)

The Prince went from Arisaig and landed in South Uist with a Mr O'nel and a man Suliphant two gentilemen that came from France with him, they were supported by country people in the hills of South Uist. These gentilemen got a man in the long Island that coud speak the french one Mc Echran[1] to go along with the Prince as his servant, on hearing that General Campbel had landed his troops in Barra they came to Flora MacDonald who was at her brother Miltons shilling. Concerted among themselves that the only way for his escape was to go over to Skye. Persuaded Flora McDonald with consent of her brother to go along with him and to dress him in women cloths as her servant, as Flora McDonald mother lived in Sky she woud not be suspected, they got a boat and six stout men, set of under night landed in a Creek at the point of Vaternish early in the morning ate there very hearty and in comming round the point there was about fifty of McLeods Militia guarding the point the boat was out of their reach before they observed them.

They landed at Mogstoot about two in the afternoon where there was another party of McLeods militia sitting upon the shore when they

1 Alias Macdonald, predecessor of Marshal Macdonald in France.

landed between forty and fifty men, the boat went of how soon they landed. Some of them came and asked Flora McDonald what she was this woman that was along with her, she said she was her servant a Betty burk an Irish woman that spoke no Galick and that she herself was going up to see Lady Margret and woud leave betty burk there till she woud send for her that she woud carry her man servant up to the house; that she herself was going to Armidle in Slate to see her mother; Flora McD. went to the house and brought McEchran the man servant along with her, left the Prince sitting upon his own trunk upon the shore, and that number around him, his trunk was but small it was called Flora McD.

They were sitting down to dinner when Flora came to the house, she sat down with the company and dined very deliberately, the officers of the party and your grandfather (Alexr Macdonald Esqr of Kingsburgh) were at dinner; the commanding officer was Captin McLeod Balemenich your mother forgets who the other officers were, Sir Alexander (Macdonald of Macdonald) was at Fortagustus with the Duke of Cumberland.

Sometime after dinner Flora called King^{h} over to a window in the room the company was sitting in, told your grandfather she had left the Prince sitting on her trunk at the shore as her maide servant and brought up the servant man along with her to the house. Your grandfather sat down with the company as if he had heard

nothing that surprised him and took a few glasses more with them. Flora sat down with the company, your Grandfather went out of the room, sent a servant for Lady Margret carried her into the room that was next them told her of the guest that was at the door. She was in a very great surprise he told her to settle her mind that nothing coud be properly thought of while their minds were disturbed, that he would make all matters easy to her. She was then quite happy, he told her there was one of his own officers (I mean of the Prince) who was wounded att the battle of Culloden a Donald McDonald who was at this time getting his wound cured (in the neighbourhood) and pretty well recovered that he woud write him to meet the Prince the next night at Portree that he would bring him that night to his own house let the consequence be what it woud. He sent for the man servant McEchran showed him from the door the (spot[1] at the) side of the hill where he was to come to them to go of the high road to go by the shore and bring the Prince with him to the place appointed which Mc Echran did; found him sitting upon the trunk where he left him, and both set of for the hill, your grandfather joined the company again for fear of being suspected, set of on foot, left his horse, Flora McD. set of some time therafter.

The Prince was longing very much for your grandfathers coming, there was a flock of sheep feeding near the place he sat on, upon seeing the

1 Called Bealach na-Cabber.

sheep run of he got up and said now my friend is comming; they saluted each other very affectionately, they sat down and drunk a bottle of wine and some bread which your grandfather carried from Mogstoot in his pocket, they arrived at Kingsburgh pretty late.

Flora arrived before them, but had not time to tell them of the guest that was coming to the house; your grandfather went to your grandmother's room told her he had the Prince in the next room, She said she often wished to see him and was now happy to have him under her own roof she immediately went to see him, he saluted her very kindly, he was brought up stairs to the best room in the house, your mother came in with a pair of candels as no servant was admitted, he turned about to Flora McD.. and said, he was sure she was no servant. She told him she was the landlord's daughter, (Mrs Macalister) saluted her very kindly no less than with a kiss. He was asked what he woud choose to drink he was told there was some good English beer, he preferred that to any other drink, took two or three small tumlers of it, turned very agreeable and conversable.

It was the servants that dressed the supper, your mother received it at the door, she laid the cloath, and attended at supper as no servant got admittance, he often begged of your mother to sit down, your grandfather told him she must attend as no servant would get admittance, he made a very hearty supper, and took a hearty

glass after it, your mother made his bed;—he was bathed from head to foot by your grandfather and his own servant in a tub of warm water which he required much.

The Prince slept next day till twelve, your mother and grandmother got up early and was surprised how long your grandfather slept, your motherwent into his room weakened him and said she was surprised how he coud sleep so sound and the guest he had in the house. What signifies Annie,[1] if this old head of mine shoud go a few years before the time; Your mother attended at brakfast and at dinner, she saw the dinner dressed and received it from the servants at the door, they woud not allow the Prince leave Kingsburgh till late in the evening.

Your mother brought the Prince a suit of your father's cloths, the first she brought him he thought too fine as they had plated buttons, the next she brought him pleased him much and answered him as well as if they had been made for himself. He said it was hard he coud not see the gentileman he had robbed of his cloths; your grandfather told him he saw plainly he never coud travel in women cloths; a short time before he left the house your mother came in to put on his dress as it was proper he shoud leave the house in the same dress he brought to the house, after putting on his gown and head dress, Madam you have forgot my apron, he says, smilling. The Prince dress was a printed goun, a coarse stuf

1 Mrs Macalister's name was Anne.

petticoat and an old Camlet cloak, a linen apron, a musline cap—and a ribon, and a coarse napkin, & cotton gloves—your grandmother made a bed cover of the goun, your mother got the gloves, Flora McD got the apron which I myself saw. There was bits of the ribbon and cape sent to different families in the South, your grandfather kept the shoes. There was as many demands upon bits of them, your grandfather gave him a pair of his own shoes.

Flora McD was not present when the Princes hair was cut, she was off for Portree to meet him there, it was your mother that cut his hair, it was your grandmother that proposed cutting his hair, which he was very happy to give her, his hair was very short it was at the back of his head they coud get it any length, he always wore a wig, he had it in his trunk when he came to Kingsburgh and put on after he left the house when he dressed himself at the side of a hill near the house in your Fathers cloths your grandfather brought home his dress excepting the broun cloak which he buried in the shore, as every house was searched for his dress, Captin Ferguson told your grandmother his whole dress even the goun was hid in a bush by your grandfather till the search was over. Your grandfather went a good way from the house with him till the boy that was to conduct the Prince to Portree. His own servant (the faithful Mc Eachin alias Macdonald) was sent with Flora McD as a guide he to be sent at any rate, there woud be little notice taken of a man, and a boy with him.

On parting with your grandfather his nose bled, Kingsburgh took out his pocket napkin held it to his nose. My Dr Sir said he it is only the effects of parting with a faithful Friend, they both wept bitterly when they parted, he shoed him many papers he had upon him had many conversations with him by themselves which Kingsburgh never told them (his family) or any other. The Prince often said he hoped he woud have it in his power some day or other to reward their kindness.

Your grandfather after supper took out a silver snuff box he had in his pocket he was taken up with the moto which was Rob gibs contract stark love and kindness, two hands klasp't in on another engraved upon it, he asked him if he woud accept of it he said he woud with all his heart thanked him most kindly and put it in his pocket, he had a west coat below his goun, and breeches below his petticoat. Your mother took his measure for anopther suit before he went away, to send after him as it woud not be proper he shoud be often seen in the same suit. When she was taking his measure about the west, he told her to make it large, that he expected to be a fat Englishman yet, he was very unwilling to leave the house.

Captain Ferguson came to Kingsburgh your grandmother came in with some refreshment, he asked if she was the Landlady, she said she was. She asked his name, he said, I am Captain Fergison, God help me then she said if you are

to be my Judge I need not expect Justice, as you are reckoned a very bad man and a severe one. To which he made no reply but smiled he said he was told Miss McDonald servant man and servant maid slept in the same room. She said they did, and that she supposed they had done so often before they came to her house; as they could make nothing of her, they went aboard their ship. General Campbel came next day, they were all happy to see him, he never asked a single question of her, or of any in the house tho your Father was in company all the time he was in the house and accompanied him from the house a good way. He never made a single mention of the Prince's name asked himself how he came to the country and what situation he was in and that he knew his brother (Mr Macallister of Cour) well. He said to your grandmother he was realy sorry to see the Distruction that was done everywhere, burning good houses and cornyards which woud be no advantage to Government. She said it was a pity so good a man as he was did not come sooner to prevent these mischiefs. If I had, Mrs McDonald, I woud not have allowed a house or a cornyard to have been burnt. He passed the day with them set off for Portree in the evening, and went round for Slate where he got information that Miss Macdonald was at Armidel, sent his boat ashore for her, and one of his officers. They carried her Prisoner. Lucky for her she fell into such good hands as General Campbel. She got an appartment for herself;

when he saw her any way distressed he used to comfort her as his own child. When she got to England she was very much noticed by her own party, as she was smart and lively. She was put into a messenger's hands when she got to London. A Lady Primrose was her patron and adviser, introduced her to many good Families but always attended by the messenger's Daughters. Lady Primrose was one of the best characters in England. There she remained till the Act of Grace set her at liberty, MacKinnon and she came home together. MacKinnon was confined at Tilsberry port all the time he was in England he used to write letters from the port to the first People in Administration which woud have hanged a score proveing the Justice of the Cause he was engaged in and referring to themselves that his man (the Prince) had the best right to the crown. They thought it a pity to take such a man's life. They were much entertained by his letters, he was a good scholar and a good letter writer, he always went by the name of *the truth itself* with them. When he came to London these great men that he corresponded with made a point of passing a night with him, had a guard upon their door. One of the noblemen said, Sir said he are not you very much obliged to his Majesty for sending you home to your own country after being three times in rebellion. That is all true my Lord and if I had it in my power I woud send his majesty home to his own country safe and sound. They were so

taken with him sat up much longer than they woud incline, got merry before they parted.

I shall now begin with the rest of King^h history. The Duke of Cumberland gave orders to burn the house at King^h and take up the cattle. Sir Alexander told him that woud be a greater loss to him than to Kingsborrow, that he had the whole management of his Estate and had *not cleared with him for two years.* I shall go myself and bring him here and deliver him up to your royal Highness. There was a small party came with Sir Alexander and Kingsborrow met them at Sconcer upon his return from Kilmorie (the seat of McKinnon of McKinnon) after seeing the Prince and Mackinnon home for the main land where there was two french ships waiting to take him aboard at Lochnanuach in Arisaig, they beat off the English ships and did not stir of their anchors.

If you wish to know of Kingsborrow's pedigree his predecessor was the second son of the Earl of Ross and is a distinct branch ever since in the straight line from father to son till this day. This your mother makes me write in case I should forget it.

The Prince arrived at Portree pretty late found Flora Macdonald and Capt^n Macdonald before him. He called to Capt^n Macdonald. No ceremony lest he should address him in the usual manner.

The Prince, Capt^n McDonald and McEachran the Prince's man servant set of from Portree.

Under night landed in a cove in Rasay, sent for Malcom McLeod who lived near the place they landed in remained in the cove all night set of next morning for Kilmorie the seat of McKinnon of McKinnon. Malcom McLeod delivered him over to McKinnon and left him there, he remained with McKinnon three days in a cove at Strathaird Isle of Skye till they got a fair wind that carried them to Arisaig, where there were two french ships waiting him he went directly aboard. Poor McKinnon was takin up there by our Friend black Lachline Mac Neil who robbed him of his watch and money (McKinnon commanded a Reg^{t} at the battle of Culloden).

I forgot to mention that your grandfather had orders from Lady Margaret to give money and he himself offered him (the Prince) money, he woud take none, he had a hundred guineas about him.

It was your grandmother that was buried in the sheets the Prince lay on at Kingsburgh.

The holland sheets he lay in at Kingsburgh was taken of the bed by your grandmother, and a ticket put on them with her own hand, laid them in her drawers, with her body cloths: desired your mother, if she was the longest liver, to see her buried in them, which was actually done by your mother.

It was of the very first of the Earls of Ross that your grandfathers predecessor was if your mother minds well it was in King Robert the first time they were then Kings of the Isles and Earls

of Ross; Your grandfather dyed in seventy two he was eighty seven when he dyed.

Your grandmother and young Sir Donald were full cousins german: old Sir Donald who was young Sir Donald's Father.

APPENDIX B (3)

About 8 in the evening June 28th 1746 they embarked in an open boat under a serene sky but had not sailed a league when the fickle element became tempestuous. The Prince seeing not only his fair Guardian apprehensive but that the hardy boatmen themselves expressed some concern, cheered up their hearts as well as he could and sung them the Restoration. At length Miss Flora Macdonald's fatigue got the better of her fear, and she fell fast asleep in the bottom of the boat. The Prince now became Guardian in his turn, and assiduously watched over his sleeping conductress. Though a calm returned with the morning the boatmen having no compass were at a loss how to steer, when at last they observed the point of Waternish in the West corner of Sky. Here they attempted to land but found the place possessed by a body of forces, militia who had also three boats or yawls near the shore. From one of these a man fired at the Prince's to make it bring to but this soon pulled away out of reach, the ships of war that were in sight wanting wind to pursue and the boats having no oars immediately at hand to take advantage of the calm. The Prince soon after, being the morning of the 29th put into a creek or cleft to rest and refresh the fatigued Rowers, but he was quickly obliged

to put off again, for fear of a surprise from the alarmed village.

At length the Prince landed safe in the Parish of Kilmuir in Trotternish about 12 miles from the above mentioned point under the house of Mugstot. Miss Flora leaving the Prince on the beach sitting upon her trunk to watch it which was near to the boat set out immediately with her servant Neil McKechan for Mugstot the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald who was then with the Duke of Cumberland at Fort-Augustus. But here too she found an officer and a party of Militia commanded by Capt McLeod of Ballymianach in quest of her charge and had many interrogatories to answer which the Fair Traveller did in a manner that gave as little suspicion as satisfaction. But seizing an opportunity she acquainted Mr Macdonald of Kingsburgh a near relation of Sir Alex Macdonalds with the Princes situation. Kingsburgh having gone into another room sent for Lady Macdonald, the Lady of Sir Alex Macdonald and sister to the then Earl of Eglinton and told her what Miss Flora had mentioned to him. Her Ladyship pretended being much agitated at the relation, arose, clapped her hand and screamed aloud that her family was utterly undone & begged of Kingsburgh to adopt some plan to avoid bringing the Prince to her house. Kingsburgh, a calm, steady, determined, sensible man, told her Ladyship to compose herself & not to be in the least alarmed for that he would take the Prince to his own house and forward him

from thence in safety observing to her Ladyship at the same time that as he was now an old man being then about 60 years of age it made very little difference to him whether he should immediately die with a halter about his neck for the part he would now act, or await a natural death which could be at no distant period. It was then agreed to send off an express directly to Donald Roy Macdonald, an officer of the Prince's army wounded at the battle of Kuloden—and then under cure in a surgeon's house, requiring his immediate attendance. Upon his arrival it was resolved that the Prince should be conducted that night to Portree (or King's Port) by way of Kingsburgh—that Donald Roy should ride directly to Portree and endeavour to find out the old Laird of Rasay to whose care the Prince was to be intrusted—that a trusty man belonging to Kingsburgh should be sent to the shore to conduct the Prince and carry the trunk with orders to meet Kingsburgh at Balloch na Cabhar about a mile from Mugstot and just within sight of it behind the Dike upon the right hand going to Uig.

But it occurred to Kingsburgh after the man was gone that he could not speak english and that the Prince had no Gaulic.—In this perplexity it was agreed to send Neil McKechan to the Prince upon the shore with the same orders as before. Dinner being now ready Kingsburgh staid to prevent suspicion and after he had taken a little soup and a glass or two of wine he got up from table

under pretence of preparing some supplies for the troops and having gone to the Buttler and got from him a bottle of port wine, a Tumbler and some biscuits (all of which he put in his pocket) set out soon after for the place appointed. He had some difficulty at first to find out the Prince who, however, soon made up to him very briskly with a thick short cudgel in his hand and thus accosted him "Are you Macdonald of Kingsburgh" "Yes Sir," answered Kingsburgh "All is well then" replied the Prince, "come let us be jogging." Mr Macdonald then told the Prince he must first partake of the refreshment he had brought, and immediately produced his biscuit and bottle of wine which having broke the neck off the bottle they drank between them out of a Tumbler the top of a rock serving for a table. This tumbler is now in the possession of Colonel Matthew Macalister of Barr and of Cour in Argyllshire. This done they proceeded together, and in conversing told his fellow traveller, with no less admiration than joy, that he could recollect no cause, either of business or duty, for his being at Muggstot that day. "I'll tell you the cause (said the Prince) Providence sent you thither to take care of me." They were now interrupted by some country people coming from the Church Kingsburgh could no way get rid of their conversation till at last he said "O Sirs cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on the Sabbath & have patience till another day?" The good people took the pious hint, and moved

off. Betty Burk and her companions are no sooner rid of these than overtaken by Miss Flora and her attendant who had been also joined by some acquaintances. One of these could not forbear making observations upon the long strides of the great tawdry woman that was walking with Kingsburgh; & in wading a rivulet at Uig the Prince lifted his pettycoats so high that Neil McKechan called to him for God's sake to take care, else he would discover himself. The Prince laughed heartily, and thanked him for his kind concern. Miss Flora however prompted her company to mend their pace, alledging that otherwise they would be benighted. She knew that the Prince and Kingsburgh were soon to turn out of the common road by a route it was not proper the people with her should see. The Riders therefore soon lost sight of the two on foot who turned over the hills S.S.E. till they arrived at Kingsburgh's about eleven at night, on Sunday, June 29th, having walked seven long miles in almost constant rain. Miss Macdonald arrived about the same time having parted from her company by the way.

Mrs Macdonald of Kingsburgh, not expecting her husband home, was going to bed when she was informed that Kingsburgh was come with Miltons daughter[1] and a great odd-looking woman whom he had also carried into the Hall with him. The Lady had scarce got the news when Kingsburgh entered the room, bid her dress

1 Miss **Flora Macdonald.**

again as fast as possible, get presently some supper[1] and soon after introduced her to her guests. The Prince after eating a hearty supper and smoaking a pipe an antidote he had learned against the toothache, went to bed. But not before he and Kingsburgh had finished a Bowl or two of punch after their wine, which done Kingsburgh expressed a wish that the Prince should retire to bed as he was to start early in the morning; but the Prince insisted on another Bowl which Kingsburgh objecting to took hold of the Bowl to lay it by, when the Prince also laid hold of it with a view of having it filled again. While they were both thus grasping it they got to the hearth, where the Bowl fell betwixt them and was partly broken which put an end to the affair. This Bowl is also in the possession of Col. Macalister.

When Mrs Macalister was gone to bed her Husband started up, dressed himself without exchanging one word with his wife, jumped out of the window and went to a neighbouring Gentleman's house at some miles distance.

Kingsburgh took care to send a message that very night to Donald Roy Macdonald desiring him to provide a boat against next day to carry Miss Flora to her mother's at Armadale in Sleat, Miss Flora choosing rather a sail than a journey. The boat however was to carry the Prince to Rasay.

1 Which was dressed and served up by her and her daughter, Mrs Macallister of Skirnish, only daughter of Kingsburgh, to prevent any of the servants from entering the room where the Prince was.

The Prince having slept till twelve next day (which was thrice as long as was usual with him in his wanderings) Mrs Macdonald prevailed upon Kingsburgh to awake him for fear of a pursuit. Kingsburgh then asked the Prince how he had rested. Never better in my life (said the Prince) it is a long time since I sleeped in such a bed before.[1] Kingsburgh then begged leave to tell the Prince that it was high time to be preparing for another march that it would be proper for him to go in the dress he came in "Yet (says he) Sir as you are a very bad pretender, and the rumour of your disguise may have taken air, I think it adviseable for you to resume your proper dress; and if you will stop at the entrance of the wood on yonder hill I shall take care to bring you thither everything necessary for that purpose." The Prince thanked his good Landlord and approved the proposal. While the Prince was dressing Kingsburgh used the freedom to ask him if he suspected Treachery in Lord George Murray. To which the Prince answered that he did not. When the Prince had dressed himself as well as he could Mrs Macdonald and Mrs Macalister were called in to pin his gown and cap. The Prince's dress was a printed gown, a coarse stuff pettycoat, an old blue camlet cloak, a linen apron, a muslin cap, a coarse napkin over his

[1] Mrs Macdonald preserved the sheets in which the Prince lay, marked them with her own hands, and desired her daughter, in case she was the longest liver, to see her buried in them; which was actually done. Miss F. Macdonald got one half of the sheets at the death of Mrs Macdonald of Kingsburgh.

shoulders, and coarse cotton gloves. Below these he wore his waistcoat and small cloaths. At this time Mrs Macalister took his measure for a suit of new cloaths to be sent after him that he might not always appear in the same dress. While she was doing this the Prince told her to make them large as he expcted to be a fat lusty Englishman yet.

Upon Mrs Macdonald of Kingsburgh signifying a desire to have a lock of his hair, the Prince laid his head in her lap and bad Mrs Macalister cut off some which the ladies divided into two parts each taking one, one half of Mrs Macalister's share she gave to her [mother?].

The Prince having breakfasted, asked a snuff of Lady Kingsburgh who took that opportunity of prevailing with him to accept of a silver snuff box. A report having at this time been brought in to Kingsburgh that some of the Militia men were upon the look out on the Portree road, the Prince staid to dine and continued there untill late in the evening. He then took leave of his kind Landlady thanking her very courteously for all her civilities. The exchange of dress was performed at the place appointed and the Prince once more grasped the claymore instead of the distaff. The suit fitting the Prince exactly he observed that he had no opportunity of seeing and thanking the gentleman, to whom it belonged for his dress. The suit belonged to Ronald Macalister Esq[r] of Skernish (married to Kingsburgh's only daughter) who was at this time at

Kingsburgh house, but did not see the Prince, Kingsburgh alledging that one of a family was enough to be hanged, and that his son in law would be of more service to the family than himself, besides that Mr Macalister's political sentiments were different from his father in law's. The female attire was deposited in the heart of a bush and afterwards carried to Kingsburgh's house; where upon the alarm of a search it was burnt, except only the gown which Kingsburgh's daughter insisted on saving as a precious relick. It was stamped linen with a purple sprig.

And now the Prince had to bid adieu to his faithfull Kingsburgh, whom he embraced in his arms, assuring him, in the warmest manner, that he would never forget his services. Tears fell from the eyes of both, and some drops of blood from the Prince's nose. Kingsburgh was alarmed at seeing the blood, but the Prince told the good man this was usual with him at parting from dear friends.

About six or eight days after the Prince left Skye, Captain Ferguson followed him in hot pursuit and from the boatmen at or on their return to S. Uist having extorted an exact description of the gown and dress the Prince had wore, he first went to Sir Alexander Macdonald, where after a strict search hearing only of Miss Flora Macdonald, he thence proceeded in all haste to Kingsburgh where he examined every person with the utmost exactness. He asked Kingsburgh where Miss Macdonald and the person who

was with her in woman's cloaths had lain. Kingsburgh answered, He knew where Miss Flora had lain, but as to Servants, he never asked any questions about them. The Captain then asked Lady Kingsburgh very improperly whether she had lain the young Pretender and Miss Flora in one bed? to which she answered, "Whom you mean by the Young Pretender I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you, it is not the fashion in Sky to lay the Mistress and the Maid in one bed." Upon visiting the rooms wherein each of them had lain, the Captain could not but remark that the room the supposed maid had possessed was better than that of the mistress.

Kingsburgh was made a prisoner: and by General Campbell's order, he went, on parole, without any guard to Fort Augustus where he was plundered of everything, thrown into a dungeon and loaded with irons. When confined in prison an order came to release Alex[r] Macdonald. Kingsburgh was of that name and being the first accosted was set at liberty. He had hardly reached the Parade where he found Sir Alexander Macdonald and other gentlemen when the Hue and cry was for that Rascal Alex[r] Macdonald released by Mistake. I am that Rascal said Kingsburgh, upon which he was re-conducted to Prison.

When Sir Everard Fawkener examined him he put him in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsburgh replied, "Had I

gold and silver piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own heart from doing what I have done."

While Kingsburgh was prisoner at Fort Augustus an officer of distinction came and asked him if he would know the Pretender's head if he saw it. Kingsburgh said he would know the head very well if it were on the shoulders. "But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should know it in that case?" "In that case (answered Kingsburgh) I will not pretend to know anything about it," so no head was brought him.[1]

Kingsburgh was removed thence to Edinburgh Castle under a strong guard of Kingston's Light Horse. He was at first put into a room with some other gentlemen, and afterwards removed into one by himself, without being allowed to go over the threshold or to see any person upon guard, [except?] the serjeant and the Keeper; which last was appointed to attend him as a servant. And here he was kept till by the Act of Grace he was set at liberty on the 4th July 1747 having thus as an author observes got a whole year's loding safe, for affording that of one night.

The Prince attended by Neil MacKechan and having Kingsburgh's herd boy Macqueen of about eleven years old for a guide, ten long Scots miles, got safe, though very wet to Portree. Here he had the pleasure of once more meeting his female Preserver, as well as Donald Roy Macdonald,

1 See Appendix A (2).

who, disappointed in his search for the old Laird of Rasay, had got a boat from that Island for the Prince's reception and three choice friends to attend him, to wit: John and Murdoch Macleod, Rasay's eldest and third sons and one Malcolm Macleod. The two last Gentlemen had been in the Prince's service. The Prince would fain have persuaded cripple Donald to accompany him. But Donald[1] had the resolution to resist his importunities, and also to sacrifice his own inclination to the Prince's safety; for his wound did not permit him to move without a horse which he well judged would have rendered him too conspicuous a companion of the Prince's privacy. To this faithful friend, therefore, as well as his female preserver, the Prince was obliged to bid a tender farewell, regretting much that he had not a Macdonald with him to the last.

Captain Donald Roy Macdonald after seeing the Prince in the boat returned to Portree and went to bed. The Landlord Charles Macnab was very inquisitive about the Gentleman just now gone from his house; for that he had a strong suspicion that he might be the Prince in disguise as he had something about him that looked like nobility. The Captain answered in a very indifferent manner that he was only a brother rebel, Sir John Macdonald an Irish Gentleman.

Miss Flora Macdonald having left Portree soon thereafter proceeded on her journey and reached Armidle her stepfather's house in safety

1 The other two MSS. state that Donald Roy went as far as Raasay

next day. She had only been there a few days when she was apprehended by an officer and a party of soldiers who carried her immediately on board the Furnace, Captain Ferguson. General Campbell was on board and commanded that the young lady should be used with the utmost civility: that she should be allowed a maid servant, and every accommodation the ship could afford. Miss Flora finding that the boatmen had babbled everything, was also fain to acknowledge to Gen[l] Campbell the whole truth. About three weeks after, the ship being near her mother's, Miss Macdonald was permitted to go ashore, with a guard to take leave of her friends.

The fair prisoner found now another Protector in Commander, afterwards Admiral Smith; whose ship soon after came into Leith road. Thence removed from place to place till Nov[r] 28 1746, She was put on board the Royal Sovereign lying at the Nore. After five months imprisonment on ship board, she was confined in a Messengers house till July 1747 and then discharged without being asked a question.

APPENDIX C

The incident referred to in Appendix B (3), relating to the Prince's head, arose out of the tragic but most loyal devotion of Roderick Mackenzie, one of the Prince's adherents. After Culloden this young man, apparently of good family, fled to the Highlands and, while seeking safety among the uplands of Glenmoriston about the middle of July, was discovered by a party of Cumberland's men. In his efforts to escape he was overtaken and, while defending himself with his sword, was shot down by one of his pursuers. As he fell mortally wounded, he thus exclaimed, "You have killed your Prince." He was about the same age as Charles, tall and somewhat slim, and with features that in some degree resembled those of the Prince, and he could easily pass for him except with those who were intimately acquainted with Charles' appearance. At any-rate his captors believed that their fortune was made, and cutting off his head they carried it in triumph to Fort-Augustus. Cumberland was similarly convinced that he had got the Prince's head and set off to London, post haste, with his prize. It was during the short time it was at Fort-Augustus that the head was shown to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh for identification, with the result indicated. It is certain that while this delusion lasted, the pursuit of the hunted Prince slackened.

Two incidents, related in the Kingsburgh MS. No. 1, not entering into the scope of the volume, fall to be recorded here. The author places them at the period prior to the Prince's escape to the Long Island, but so far as they are historical—and as to this there may in parts be some doubt—they occurred between his leaving Skye and his getting to France. They apparently took place during or about the time when he was in the company of "the seven men of Glenmoriston," men who had taken to predatory ways during the persecution following Culloden, and to avenge the atrocities committed on their friends. One of these incidents has been recorded in a less sensational form in Browne's "History of the Highlands" (Vol. III., p. 323). Charles' clothing had become much the worse of the wear, but the inhabitants of the cave—the abode of the seven—had no change of garments to offer their royal guest. Something occurred, however, which supplied their want. It was known that a body of Government troops, under the command of Lord George Sackville, was to pass close by on the way from Fort-Augustus to Strathglass, and it was resolved to make an attack upon the baggage train, which was a considerable distance behind. Lying in ambush between two hills near the track, the Highlanders fired upon the baggage carriers, and these, or at least some of them, having evidently taken to their heels, the attackers secured some portmanteaus which contained the needed change of raiment. The

MS. account differs from this in detail. It is there stated that the Government troops were on the way to Bernera, Glenelg, though, of course, they may have been going there by way of Strathglass. Furthermore, there is here no open attack, and there is apparently some doubt about the route when the Prince's friends offer their services as guides. These being accepted the pretended guides led them into a morass "where their horses sank over head and ears and never came out to this good day." A somewhat similar incident is recorded in the Lyon in Mourning, but in that case there was firing with some casualties, but the booty consisted of provisions, and no clothing.

The other incident narrated in the MS. belongs to the same period. The friends who are said to have been with the Prince, hearing of a spoil of cattle being brought to the Duke of Cumberland's camp, resolved to capture or share therein. Charles was keen to accompany them on the foraging expedition, and, despite Macdonald of Glenalladale's advice, shared in the triumph of bringing back a cow to their retreat, on whose flesh they lived while it lasted. How far these stories are historical it is impossible to say; but it seems not improbable that there were exploits for which the men of Glenmoriston were responsible, and that some of these never found their way into print.

APPENDIX D (1)

Flora Macdonald's Letters and her husband's to Donald Macdonald of Balranald.

Undated, 1781.

Dear Sir,

The inclosed is from Ranald's[1] agent, he is surprised that he had no letter from me in regard to the twenty pounds Bill. I wrote him from your house which he could not receive befor the date of his. He is willing still to pay the 15 pound but I shall be advised by you if its proper I should write just now or not. No doubt money matters ought not to be neglected, but by my forgetfullness I lost the copy of the draft your Sandy[2] drew for me.

Therefor I beg the favour of you to write the Letter and the draft and send to me to be signed. I had a few lines from Annie.[3] She is always in a miserable state of health. By the last letter she had from her Husband he was not determined

1 Flora's third son, who was a Captain in the Royal Marines; lost at sea with his brother, Alexander, in the year 1882.

2 This was probably Alexander, afterwards Captain in the Bengal Artillery. He became Lieut.-Colonel of the 2nd Isle of Skye Regiment of Volunteers. He resided at Lyndale, which his father had acquired by purchase.

3 Second daughter of Flora Macdonald, who married Major Alexander Macleod of Lochbay, Skye, a distinguished officer, who fought in the American War of Independence, as well as European wars.

whither he cou'd come her length or not. My good wishes attend and the whole family

and I am always Dr Cousin

yours affectionatly

Flora McDonald.

Saturday morning.

Tell him that I got my Sons letters.

APPENDIX D (2)

Another Letter of Flora's.

10th December 1781

Dr Sir

I cannot but atempt writing you the unexpected joyfull news I received this day from Ranald dated Octobr the 16 from New York, about my dear Sandy. I shall give it to you in his own words. You will be no doubt much surprised to hear that Sandy is still in the land of the living. They were taken up at sea by a vessel from Lisbon and carry'd to the coast of Brazil. This news put me to such confution that I can scarce hold the pen. I have great reason to be thankfull for all their preservation. He writes me that he got a letter from his father in June from Halifax and that he was then in very good health and that Charles and James was well. He regrets that his brave Captain lost his leg, his ship suffered greatly. This is two letters I received from him within this ten days. He writes me that General Clinton with 6 thousand men was going to embark to assist Lord Cornwallis who was blocked up by the French fleet, they had 28 sail, the Enemy 34 sail of the line of Battleships. God send us good accounts of them. God bless him poor man, he never misses an opportunity in writing to his mother. I am

very glad to hear that the children are upon the mending hand. The Major desired to be kindly remember'd to you and Mrs Mc donald, you'l accept of the same from your affectionate Cousin

F. M. D.

Kirkibost 10th of December
1781

APPENDIX D (3)

Letter from Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh (Flora's Husband).

My Dear Cousine

The only Letter I received from you since we parted came to my hand lately, and that accidentally from New York. I am happy to see you and Ketty are in the land of being and strugling the best you can with this wicked world. Tho you did not tell me about your son, yet I have heard of his being well, I think at Perth, by Capt Alex^{r} McDonald's son who is there. I do think Flory Judged right to take the world with so little trouble as posibly she can, and her plan of liveing will be as comfortable as Sandy and honest Peggie McLeod can make it. I have wrotten her by this very unsafe opportunity; it being by a gentleman whos business forces him to riske all for we have had a French and Spanish fleet on our cost, all this harvest, and the very mouth of our harbour is every day full of privateers. I had a letter lately from Ranald who was in the late Engagement with the French fleet. I believe we have nothing to bost off, as they were very superior to our fleet and though our fleet were watching the Road Island French fleet, yet they got out and joined the French and India fleet, and landed 10,000 men in Virginia who

with Washington's army [by a Boston paper] amounted to near 30,000; who besieged brave Lord Cornwallas, and forced him to surrender with his whole army—and it is reported that our fleet had a second engagement with them, as our fleet were going from New York to relieve Lord Cornwallas in Virginia, and that wt having nothing to bost of. Our fleet were too late in leaving New York, according to reports. There was another action within fifty miles of Charlestown, and both parties clame the victory, so that on the whole unless the hand of Almighty God changes the face of matters in our favour we are at present in a very deplorable state, But as nothing is impossible with Him I hope still for better times.

I never received a line from my sister in law,[1] tho I wrott about Sandy;[2] But now I am glad he is not come out, as we expect very early in the spring to be besieged here. We have been fortifying all summer and harvest, and now in frost and snow. The Duty and King's works are very heavy, but the work must soon stop. Angus Griminish[3] was well at New York in August last. If I live till May next and is not removed or forced from here, you will hear from me, with a little

1 The wife of James Macdonald of Knockowe, Margaret, a sister of Major Roderick Macleod of Balmeanach, Skye.

2 Captain Alex. Macleod, who died in the island of St Kitts, in the British service.

3 This Angus was the last of the main Griminish line. He returned to N. Uist, and died at Balranald towards the end of the 18th century.

relief for Christian my aunt. I am sorry her son did not do her the little justice I meand, throu his hands. You surely must have heard, at Dunvegan, that he sold the four horses of mine, which brought part of my Baggage there. You have all commercial Lairds at home, but it is a disadvantage to be so long out of possession. But the Rigg is a good friend in the decline of life. I have desired my son Ranald to correspond with you, in case more of the estate is to be sold. I am told his share of prize money will amount to three thousand pounds Sterling. His Direction is, To Capt. R. M'D. of mareens to the care of Mr Cox at Number 20 Bartlets Buildings, Holborn, London.

I have heard nothing of Charly or Jamie since the 6th of June last, that letter I have sent his mother and sister home, and so I doubt not but you may see it, if this and it arrives. My nephew Sandy McAlester[1] was very lucky in getting that good girl and her money, and I think Ketty[2] Mc Alester's marriage is a very wise and prudent one. If I live for a year or two and goes home with a brocken legg or hand, it will be a good place to live on so many young Lairds. Why did you forget to write me about Mally Aird and her sister Bell—do it in your next and tell me how your Daughters do—or have got more,

1 Alexander, son of Ranald Macalister of Skerinish, who m. Miss Campbell of Edorline.

2 Catherine, daughter of the same Ranald, who m. Patrick Nicolson of Ardmore, Waternish, Skye.

and with my love and affection to Kettie,[1] the Mrs of Valay[2] and all friends, I am

my Dr Cousine yours most

affectly; while ALLAN M'DONALD.

Nov. 25th 1781.

Sandy Valay,[3] Boys and also two brothers and Miltons son,[4] are all prisoners with Ld Cornwallas. I believe my two sons are in the Army in South Carolina. Ranald is in the fleet.

1 The wife of his correspondent, Catherine, daughter of Captain James Macdonald of Aird (Skye), and grand-daughter of William Macdonald of Aird and Vallay, Tutor of Sleat.

2 Harriet, daughter of Colin Macdonald of Boisdale, who married Alexander Macdonald of Vallay.

3 Alexander Macdonald, 4th of Vallay, who became a Major in the Fencibles, and served in the American War, where, as stated, he was taken prisoner.

4 A nephew of Flora Macdonald, who served with the rank of Captain, in the American War. He was drowned in Loch Eynort, in South Uist, in 1806, and his elegy was composed by the bard, Angus Campbell (*vide* Uist Bards, p. 207).

APPENDIX E

The following is a Eulogy on Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and incidentally on his wife, Flora Macdonald, by John Mac Codrum, the North Uist bard—from the original Gaelic :—

Now that I'm in solitude
And living in the Bay,
Not content with idleness
But setting forth my lay;
On Macdonald's lofty virtues
And manliness I dwell;
Many hundreds know thee,
And all do wish thee well.

The stout, tall, manly Allan
Is he whom I regard;
All sickness and affliction
May God's Son from thee ward;
A courtier gentle, mirthful,
Of bearing most polite,
But when opposed by enmity,
Most valiant for the right.

Learned, skilful, courteous,
Not eager for debate:
Such fair and pleasing frankness
As poet could relate;
Noble and broad minded,
Regardless of a bribe;
Without a rag upon him
Of McCubbin's paltry tribe.

Stout and calm and manly,
Not dwarf-like on thy feet;
Thine equipment well adorns
The hills where heroes meet:
A lion brave and fearless,
A hero in the field;
Woe to the foes that cross thee
When free thine arms to wield.

Woe to the foe that crosses him
When free to wield his stroke,
Or comes nigh to thwart him,
A conflict to provoke:
In scabbard that is richly carved,
A blade of tempered steel,
Cleaving through flesh and marrow,
A mighty blow can deal.

Not dwarf-like on the field is he
Along with others seen;
A leader bright but cautious,
Right pleasant on the green;
Humble, mild and prudent,
Intrepid in the fray;
This side of France none seemlier
Leads onward the array.

Dark, red and white complexioned
Is the subject of my song;
Most friendly to his kindred,
He is manly, brave and strong;
That you were born a man-child
To me is music sweet;
A clansman of the nobler sort,
Wherever be thy seat.

Heir thou of Macian's line,
That race of heroes great;
Kindly, friendly, clannish
To one in any strait;
In reason and complaisance
And manliness is he,
His father's son and rightful heir,
As other men may see.

No trout in shallow waters thou
That cannot swim away;
No rank young corn all overgrown
And wasting with decay;
A straight and comely person
Of Macdonald's kingly race;
Woe to the man who moves thine ire
When favouring his case.

Scion of Milé's warlike tribe,
Who would not suffer shame,
Nor carry with them idle arms
With all the land aflame;
Flesh would be hewn with mighty blows,
While war-cries rent the air
Foul and rough the cookery
When slaughter's arm was bare.

God gave to thee a worthy spouse,
Whose loyal deeds surpass
All women's acts in days of old,
Or until ages pass;
With royal nobleness she wrought
Achievements high and pure;
Gave lasting theme to coming times,
Whose memory shall endure.

No wonder though her nobleness
  Inspired her in the cause;
The tree from which this branch was
    plucked
  Was sound and without flaws:
Angus Og of waving flags,
  And Ranald Mór of might;
Well for their foes if they were safe
  And scatheless in the fight.

APPENDIX F

Donald Roy Macdonald's Ode to his Foot

(From the original Latin).

How many a hero has lost his life
In dark Culloden's bloody strife;
There 'neath the canopy of the sky
Their violated bodies lie.

I quake exceedingly to tell
How at my side Coll's brave son fell,
Whom none could overcome by might,
Challenging him in equal fight.

Unburied they lie who arms did wield,
To be devoured by the beasts of the field,
Who were already torn and broke
By many a hard and savage stroke.

A cruel bullet forth did fare,
Horribly hissing through the air;
Lightning and fire directing its course;
It pierced my foot with direful force.

The flesh and muscles the bullet did tear,
Nor bones nor tendons did it spare;
Of the thongs of my shoes there remained no shred,
Torn away by this bullet of lead.

I shall now walk lame, much to my grief,
Like dark-faced Vulcan, of smith's the chief,
Hardly touching the grass of the green,
On my weakly foot I cannot lean.

The joys that satisfied of yore,
To hunt or leap, delight no more,
Nor yet to swim, nor do I care
Philandering with the young and fair.

When I seek my couch for nightly rest
Sleep comes but rarely, a fleeting guest;
My grievous pain disturbs repose;
Not often, for long, do my eyelids close.

At morn old women and men come round,
And questions many and strange abound:
Of Charles' battle have I aught to tell?
Or of those who in the slaughter fell?

At a little fire all day I pore
O'er various volumes of ancient lore,
Especially the tales of battle told
By the sightless poet in days of old.

Meantime the doctor, with diligent art,
Is careful to heal my wounded part;
And I to the blessed Creator pray
He may favour the captives in their dark day.

APPENDIX G

A Note on Captain John Ferguson

Captain John Ferguson, whose ruthless persecution of the Jacobites has stamped his name with infamy never to be forgotten, was the son of George Ferguson, whose family had long been resident in the district of Inverurie, and nearly allied to the families of Pitfour and Kinmundy. John is said to have been born in the parish of Old Meldrum, where his father lived and died. Nothing is known of him till 1746, which year he is found in command of H.M.S. Furness (always spelt Furnace in the records of the time), and with unrelenting savagery hounding and persecuting the unfortunate Jacobites. Captain O'Neill, of the Prince's staff, whom he captured, tells that Ferguson treated him with great cruelty, stripping him, putting him on the rack, and getting him whipped by his hangman because he would not divulge the whereabouts of the Prince. He was mainly instrumental in the capture of Simon Lord Lovat on Loch Morar. He is also charged with having hanged two Barra men for not supplying him with the information which he believed them to possess. He died in 1767. Mac Codrum's mock elegy was apparently composed in consequence of a rumour, which proved

false, that Ferguson had been drowned, and the hills, with one exception, are represented as rejoicing over the event. The text of the original, which, with other poems by the same bard, formed part of the Maclagan Collection, was published for the first time in the MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry in 1911 (*vide* pp. lxiii., 374).

APPENDIX H

Mac Codrum's Mock Elegy on Captain Ferguson

News have been wafted across the main,
  East winds have borne it o'er from Skye;
May other tidings not return,
  Nor counter rumours backward fly.

Captain Ferguson and his ship
  Sunk deep in ocean's hostile bed;
Let those to whom the news bring woe
  Be pierced right through both eye and head.

Said Ruaval with lofty voice,
  "If his descent from earth is great,
And he's inside a whale or seal,
  May Jonah's lot not be his fate.

He wasted many a land with fire,
  He made fair homes a ruined heap;
Fain would I place a great mill-stone
  To anchor him down in the deep.

Poisonous boar that knew no ruth;
  Hand first in murder's bloody cause;
'Tis well to think of thy bald pate
  Chewed by the mighty whale's great jaws.

Where every sinner gets reward
  Who passes hence across the bourne,
For all the measure you gave here
  You'll get a very full return.

Those in the realms beyond rejoice
That 'neath the sea you raised your head;
Happy if Cruachan were on your top
Deep down in ocean's briny bed."

Said high peaked Eval of the mist,
"These tidings bring no joy to me;
Higher thy juices than thy flesh
Since e'er you rushed beneath the sea."

Teach-an-Triubhais[1] said in angry tones,
"Thy wits are gone, thou crooked hill,
Where sheep and deer in flocks abide
Long has thy hoary head wrought ill."

Then spoke Ben Lee towards the south,
"Thy wits are gone, thou senseless wife;
No mountain but thyself would mourn
The man's departure from this life."

'Twas then upspoke Mac Mhuirich's hill,
"Come, let me hear thy foolish plaint;
To weep is surely not to blame;
I will condemn, let them lament.

Down below they lie at rest,
The makers of the tuneful lay;
Full of gentle peace they died:
That caitiff lived not in their day.

Well known to me was Neil Mór,
Donald Gair, good Neil, his son:
From Donald the second to Neil
Your heroes my regard have won."

[1] The local name of Benmore.

APPENDIX I

Anne of Kingsburgh's Sampler

This interesting piece of needlework was wrought by Mrs Ranald Macalister, a daughter of old Kingsburgh, who was staying at Kingsburgh House on the night of the Prince's visit and attended to him while there. The work went on at intervals for 17 years. Mrs Macalister afterwards became the wife of Mackinnon of Corry. The sampler now is, and has long been, in the family of Glenbarr, Kintyre, who are descended from Anne. The entries, which go thus, record the birth of all the members of the family :—

MARRIED JUNE 8 1742
RANALD MACALISTER & ANNE McDONALD
R M A & A M D

A.M.A.	WAS BORN 3 JUNE 1744	ALEXANDER
J.M.A.	WAS BORN 19 JAN 1746	JOHN
J.M.A.	WAS BORN 20 JAN 1747	JAMES
C.M.A.	WAS BORN 10 APR 1748	CHARLES
F.M.A.	WAS BORN 5 SEP 1749	FLORA
A.M.A.	WAS BORN 1 NOV 1750	ALLAN
J.M A	WAS BORN 30 JUN 1752	JANNET
K.M.A	WAS BORN 20 MAR 1753	CATHERINE
S.M.A	WAS BORN 20 MAR 1754	SUSANNE
M.M.A	WAS BORN 2 SEP 1755	MARGARET
KEITH	WAS BORN 16 OCT 1756	KEITH
MATTHEW	WAS BORN 5 AUG 1758	
N M.A	WAS BORN 20 FEB 1760	NORMAN
D M A	WAS BORN 30 MAR 1761	DONALD

APPENDIX J

The Blessing of Boisdale's House[1]

On the tower to which I came yestreen
May God's rich blessing amply rest,
Near where the hero dwelt erstwhile,
The haunt of many a welcome guest.

There dwelt the hero lately passed,
A leader great, born to command;
A man of worth, a man whose peer
Could not be found in all the land.

Sprung from Clanranald's noble line,
A man he was of deathless fame;
Not only in his native land,
In other lands they loved his name.

God bless the tower where Colin dwells;
High its renown, its prospect wide;
A house whose fame is known afar,
In sight of Barra's stormy tide.

Tower of the brave, where kindness dwells;
No stinting hand, no niggard soul;
Where music charms the noble mind,
Where circles free the flowing bowl.

1 Composed by John Mac Codrum, the North Uist Bard, to Colin of Boisdale and his father, who befriended the Prince. Translated from the original Gaelic.

Tower of fair fortune's open hand;
The poor ones bless it all their days;
The home of joy, where honour dwells,
Well does it earn our mead of praise.

A beauteous home kissed by the sun,
Shedding its vernal morning beam;
A joy to landsmen, and a torch
To guide the sailor by its gleam.

A starry home for men in straits,
Struggling to reach the harbour light;
Like glistening diamonds there it stands,
A candle shining through the night.

The slating and cement are firm;
Its walls are built secure and well;
The timbers are most strongly framed,
And all its furnishings excel.

Than Colin's there's no finer house;
Than Colin there's no better man:
Pious, upright, and humane,
A credit always to his clan.

May God keep him who built this house
In life and brave heredity;
May he and those who follow him
Go forward in prosperity:
That is my prayer.

APPENDIX K

The *Scots Magazine* gives the following account of the Repeal of the Unclothing Act. The speech of the Marquis of Graham was a model of discretion, and is given in outline, while that of the Hon. Archd. Fraser of Lovat was preserved elsewhere.

In the House of Commons, June 17, the Marquis of Graham moved for leave to repeal an Act of the 19th of George II., which prohibited wearing of the ancient Highland dress in the Highlands of Scotland. His Lordship observed that at the time this Act passed it might have been necessary, as the people who were the objects of it were at that time hostile to the then Government, and favoured the pretensions of another house; but the necessity no longer existed: the Scotch had manifested their loyalty and firm attachment to the present Government by numberless exertions in its favour both by sea and land; and therefore he hoped that the cause having ceased the effect would cease of course; and that the House would not think it improper that the Scotch would wish to remove an odious distinction which had been put upon their ancestors on account of principles which were no longer entertained.

Mr Fraser, in a short speech, the tenor of which follows, seconded the motion.

Mr Speaker,

Although I came so very late in the session to take my seat in this honourable House, I cannot avoid rising with some degree of satisfaction to second the motion which you have just heard, so fully, so candidly, and so humanely stated by the noble lord who spoke last, and he has left little for me to say—and yet, Sir, I shall beg leave to mention, that the bill to be brought in not only concerns but deeply interests a number, not less than the whole body of people of a very large and extensive county, which I have the honour here to represent; as well as the inhabitants of several neighbouring counties; many of which have bled so freely, so loyally, and so usefully to this empire, in the course of two successive wars that they of themselves, have construed their services a sufficient toleration, even under legal prohibition for wearing a dress, the best calculated, in point of utility and frugality, for the hilly situations they live in; and the fact is that for many years past the dress is universally known. Their prayer, therefore, Sir, is to be freed from all their apprehensions on this subject, and to be allowed legally to wear the striped party-coloured woollen manufactures of their own country, cut in the fashion the best suited to their fancy and predilection. Allow me, Sir, to observe that the prohibitory law relative to the dress (if necessary even at the time) was in effect, most certainly, a double tax, of a very severe nature, being at one and the

same time a prevention of their domestic manufacture, and a compulsion to wear a more expensive garment, most unfit, indeed, Sir, for that country, unless an Act could be made to level the hills. For I can with truth declare, and I trust without prejudice (having lived thirty years in this country), that when I tried very lately, to ascend the mountains in the north, in the very dress I have now the honour to appear before this house in, I found it difficult in the extreme; or to speak more truly impossible. I have to offer but a word or two more in favour of this mark of candour, now come to be proposed by the Legislature, because I own myself one of those who wish to see that body of people cherished from a political view of their utility. I hope and trust, I hardly need trouble the wisdom of this House and further, by insisting that all such regulations as make the subject easier and happier at home must be sound policy, as well as truly constitutional maxims.

I therefore, hope the protection of the Almighty, and the wisdom of the legislature will permit of the prayers of the Highlanders to be attended to, and thereby increase their loyalty and attachment to their King and country. After this the bill was ordered.

Of the foregoing speech there is a condensed version in Gaelic, but presumably not delivered in the House of Commons. The heading is as follows :—

Cuid de bhriathraeibh Mhic Shimi anns a Pharlamaid ag iarraidh cead do chlann nan Gaidheal an t-aodach Gaidhealach a chaitheamh.

Then follows the speech :—

Ged thainig dail air mo thurus gu coinneamh mhor na Parlamaid, is ann le aoibhneas fhiosrachadh air beachd nan Gaidheal air aobhar a chomthionail 'san am so, se so an duil gu'n bhuannaich iad le a fuil, a fearalachd an aghaidh naimhdean na righeachd anns gach cearn de'n domhain tur comas caitheamh le cead lagha na duchd am breacan gnatha Gaidhealach, is fearr 's is deise thig air garbh chriochan na Gaidhealtachd, na clo nan Gall a cheannaichear gu daor air feiltean na macharach.

Gus a leagar beanntaichean na h-Albainn cho comhnard ris a' mhachair, cha bhi socair do Ghaidheil no ceutachas anns a' bhriogais.

Cha lean mi ni 's faide ri dearbhadh gu 'm bheil gliocas mor anns a' h-uile riaghailt chiuin a ghleidheas an sluagh a stigh. Tha mo dhuil anns an Ti Mhor is anns a choinneamh mheasail so gu faigh clann nan Gaidheal an iarrtus gu gabhail na 's teinne na bha e riamh an Disleachd do 'n Righ agus do 'n Duchas.

We owe the preservation of this speech in its two-fold garb to the Editors of the *Highland Monthly*, published in Inverness nearly forty years ago, viz., Mr Duncan Campbell, of the *Northern Chronicle*, and Mr Alexander Macbain,

M.A., F.S.A. Scot., afterwards Dr Macbain, the well-known Celtic scholar. The editorial note is to this effect :—

The interesting document of four printed pages, whose contents follow, was lately picked up among the rubbish heaps at Abertarff House. It is docketed on the last page thus :—

An t-aodach Gaelach
Cuid do labhairt Mhicimie
an s a Pharliament ag airi
Cead do Chlann na Gael
an t-aotach gaelach a chaidh

Highland Dress
Extract from the Hon.
Mr Fraser of Lovat's
Speech relative to the
Highland Garb 1782

The words of the speech in its Gaelic form are purely phonetic, but in the interests of intelligibility have been turned into the usual form, but the form of the docquet has been retained.

APPENDIX L

Genealogical Notes on the Kingsburgh Family

The family of Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh consisted of two sons, Allan and James, and a daughter Anne, who became the wife of Ranald Macalister, the progenitor of the Glenbarr family in Kintyre. Of Allan's and Flora's descendants there is a detailed account in an appendix to MacGregor's Life, but it does not appear that there are now any descendants in the male line, though there are descendants through females.

Jessie, daughter of Captain James Macdonald of Flodigarry, Flora's son, married Ninian Jeffrey of New Kelso, and from her, among others, was descended the late Captain Ranald Livingstone Macdonald, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. He built a fine house at Flodigarry, and lived there many years.

James of Cnocowe, Kingsburgh's younger son, left no male surviving issue. His daughter Jessie married Captain Norman Macleod, "Cyprus," whose daughter Elizabeth became the wife of the Rev. Roderick Maclean, of South Uist, and of whom the families of Keill, Peneniirin, Nunton, Milton, and Dremisdale are descended. Rev. D. J. Macdonald, minister emeritus of Killean, Kintyre; Rev. Dr A.

McDonald, late of Kiltarlity; Mr Roderick Macdonald, Pollokshields, Glasgow; Dr John Pearson, Ibrox, Glasgow; and Mr William Maclean, late of Tallisker, now of Invernahyle, are among their descendants.

James of Cnocowe had a daughter, Anne, who married a Mr Mackenzie, architect. To her family belonged the late Mrs Duncan Macdonald, who lived for many years in Glasgow, and afterwards in East Kilbride.

Anne of Kingsburgh, who dictated the MSS., had a family of nine sons and five daughters to Ranald Macalister of Skerinish. Their names and the dates of their birth were worked into a woollen sampler by Mrs Macalister, and preserved in the Glenbarr family. A copy is herewith printed as Appendix I. Of the large family of sons, only Matthew, the 7th son, left issue. He married as his second wife Miss Brodie of Brodie, with issue Keith Macalister, whose son, Major Matthew Brodie Macalister, married Edith Margaret, only daughter of George Dudgeon, Esq., Almond Hill, Linlithgowshire, with issue the present laird of Glenbarr Abbey, Ranald Macdonald Brodie Macalister. Flora, Anne of Kingsburgh's oldest daughter, married Charles Mackinnon, younger of Corry, and had a son, Lauchlan Mackinnon of Corry and Letterfearn.

This Lauchlan Mackinnon married Anne, daughter of Farquhar Macrae of Inverinate, whose daughter Anne married the Reverend John

Mackinnon, Strath, father of the late Rev. Dr Donald Mackinnon, also of Strath. By his wife, Emma Flora Macleod, he had, among other sons, Major A. D. Mackinnon, C.M.G., O.B.E., M.D., Dunringell, Kyleakin. Another daughter of Anne of Kingsburgh, Margaret, married Dr Alexander Macdonald, of the MacEachen branch, known in his day as An Dotair Ruadh, the Red Doctor. Their son was Charles Macdonald of Ord. Their grandsons were Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, Dr Keith Norman Macdonald, a well-known authority on Gaelic song and music, and Neil Macdonald of Dunach. The present male representatives, so far as known to the writer, are Major Kenneth Macdonald, D.S.O., of Tote, Skye, and the present Macdonald of Dunach.

Flora, a grand-daughter of Anne of Kingsburgh, married Alexander Smith, the poet, and their daughter is Isabella, wife of Dr James Pender Smith, Dingwall.

Another descendant of Anne of Kingsburgh (Mrs Ranald Macalister) is Captain Allan R. Macdonald of Waternish, representative of the Belfinlay branch of Clanranald. Catherine, Anne's daughter, married Patrick Nicolson of Ardmore, in Skye. Their daughter Flora married Major Allan Macdonald of Belfinlay, whose grandson is Captain Allan R. Macdonald of Waternish aforesaid.